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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Troubadour; Poetical Sketches of Modern Pictures, and Historical Sketches. By L. E. L., author of the "Improvisatrice." 12mo. Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

CIRCUMSTANCES, which it is not necessary to relate, have at a late hour put into our possession an incomplete copy of this volume (at least in so far as being quite ready for publication); and though several days must elapse before it appear generally, we will not deny ourselves and our readers the pleasure of a brief notice, with some quotations.

In doing this, however, we shall abstain from the main poem, *The Troubadour*, (which is divided into four cantos, and may occupy in all about four thousand lines,) farther than to say that, in our judgment, it is calculated not only to confirm, but to augment and extend the fame of the fair writer. Of this young poet it has been very absurdly alleged by some pseudo-critics, that she excelled only on one theme—that, it is true, according to high authority,

"The dearest theme
That ever waked a poet's dream;"

and they have, with a perfect ignorance of the true nature of poetical genius, endeavoured to trace this excellence to real impressions. The same wisdom would of course discover, that—"The sweet Willy, O"—he who drew the character of Iago was a ruthless murderer, and Milton the incarnation of a fiend! The very soul of poetry is imagination: the very essence of genius is the power of abstracting itself from realities, and building up its grand, lofty, or beautiful structures, out of the slightest materials. The shadow of a hint is sufficient for the creative mind to work upon till it exhausts invention; and the most indistinct rudiment of human feeling, whether found in books or in life, is metaphysics enough for such minds to develop into every form of intense passion, be it love or hate, misanthropy or pathetic interest. But whether our creed be confessed or not, we shall, in the very few examples of L. E. L.'s new production which we shall now quote, show how exquisitely fitted her talent is to embellish subjects of much variety, and far different from those on which her great popularity has been (so erroneously) said to be founded.

The Troubadour is concluded by a finale, in which the personal sentiments of the author are distinctly expressed. Here she leaves fiction and fancy; and after a charming description of the effect which the success of her first work, and the praise it procured for her, had upon her heart and spirits,* so as to lead her to begin a new at-

* We copy a portion of it:
"How could I stand in the sunshine,
And marvel not that it was mine?
One word, if ever happiness
In its most passionate excess
Offer'd its wine to human lip,
It has been mine that cup to sip.
I may not say with what deep dread
The words of my first song were said,
I may not say how much delight
Has been upon my minstrel's dight—
'Tis vain, and yet my heart would say
Somewhat to those who made my way
A path of light, with power to kill,
To check, to crush, but not the will.

tempt, she addresses herself to the contrast afforded by its close, when she lost a fond and affectionate father. We never perused any thing more honourable to the head and heart of a poet than this natural and pathetic apostrophe:

"My task is done, the tale is told,
The lute drops from my wearied hold;
Spreads no green earth, no summer sky
To raise fresh visions from my eye.
The hour is dark, the winter rain
Beats cold and harsh against the pane,
Where, spendthrift like, the branches twine,
Worn, knotted, of a leafless vine;
And the wind howls in gusts around,
As omens were in each drear sound,—
Omens that bear upon their breath
Tidings of sorrow, pain, and death.
Thus should it be,—I could not bear
The breath of flowers, the sunny air
Upon that ending page should be
Which *Oaks* will never, never see.
Yet who will love it like that one,
Who cherish as he would have done,
My father! albeit but in vain
This clasping of a broken chain,
And albeit of all vainest things
That haunt with sad imaginings,
None has the sting of memory;
Yet still my spirit turns to thee,
Despite a long and lone regret,
Rejoicing it cannot forget.
I would not lose the lightest thought
With one remembrance of thine fraught,—
And my heart said no name, but thine
Should be on this last page of mine.

My father, though no more, thine ear
Censure or praise of mine can hear,
It soothes me to emblazon thy name
With all my hope, my pride, my fame,
Treasures of Fancy's fairy hall,
Thy name most precious far of all.

My page is wet with bitter tears,—
I cannot but think of those years
When happiness and I would wait
On summer evenings by the gate,
And keep o'er the green fields our watch
The first sound of thy step to catch,
Then run for the first kiss, and word,—
An unkind one I never heard.
But these are pleasant memories,
And later years have none like these:
They came with griefs, and pains, and cares,
All that the heart breaks while it bears;
Desolate as I feel alone
I should not weep that thou art gone.
Alas! the tears that still will fall
Are selfish in their fond recall,—
If ever tears could win from Heaven
A loved one, and yet be forgiven,
Mine surely might; I may not tell
The agony of my farewell!
A single tear I had not shed,—
'Twas the first time I mourn'd the dead;—
It was my heaviest loss, my worst,—
My father!—and was thine the first!

Farewell! in my heart is a spot
Where other griefs and cares come not,
Hallow'd by love, by memory kept,
And deeply honour'd, deeply wept.
My own dear father, time may bring
Chance, change, upon his rainbow-wing,
But never will thy name depart
The household god of thy child's heart,
Until thy orphan girl may share
The grave where her best feelings are.
Never, dear father, love can be,
Like the dear love I had for thee!"

We repeat we never read any thing more affecting than this: but let us change the scene, and from twelve poetical sketches of pictures, which appear as minor pieces, exemplify the versatility of this lady's extraordinary talent:

The Combat.—By Elty.

They fled,—for there was for the brave
Left only a dishonour'd grave.
The day was lost; and his red hand
Was now upon a broken brand,

Thanks for the gentleness that lent
My young lute such encouragement,
When scorn had turn'd my heart to stone,
Oh, their's be thanks and benison!"

The foe was in his native town,
The gates were forced, the walls were down,
The burning city lit the sky,—
What had he then to do but fly;
Fly to the mountain-rock, where yet
Revenge might strike, or peace forget!

They fled,—for she was by his side,
Life's last and loveliest link, his bride,—
Friends, fame, hope, freedom, all were gone,
Or linger'd only with that one.
They hasten'd by the lonely way
That through the winding forest lay,
Heath, home, tower, temple, blazed behind,
And shout and shriek came on the wind;
And twice the warrior turn'd again
And curs'd the arm that now in vain,
Wounded and faint, essay'd to grasp
The sword that trembled in its clasp.

At last they reach'd a secret shade
Which seem'd as for their safety made;
And there they paused, for the warm tide
Burst in red gushes from his side,
And hung the drops on brow and cheek,
And his gasp'd breath came thick and weak.
She took her long dark hair, and bound
The cool moss on each gaping wound,
And in her closed-up hands she brought
The water which his hot lip sought,—
And anxious gaz'd upon his eye,
As asking, shall we live or die?
Almost as if she thought his breath
Had power o'er his own life and death.

But, hark!—'tis not the wind deceives,
There is a step among the leaves:
Her blood runs cold, her heart beats high,
It is their fiercest enemy:
He of the charm'd and deadly steel,
Whose stroke was never known to heal,—
He of the sword sworn not to spare,—
She flung her down in her despair!
The dying chief sprang to his knee,
And the staunch'd wounds well'd fearfully;
But his gash'd arm, what is it now?
Livid his lip, and black his brow,
While over him the slayer stood,
As if he almost scorn'd the blood
That cost so little to be won,—
He strikes,—the work of death is done!

A Child screening a Dove from a Hawk. By Stewardson.

Ay, screen thy favourite dove, fair child,
Ay, screen it if you may,—
Yet I misdoubt thy trembling hand
Will scare the hawk away.
That dove will die, that child will weep,—
Is this their destiny!
Ever amid the sweets of life
Some evil thing must be.
Ay, moralize,—is it not thus
We've mourn'd our hope and love?
Alas! there's tears for every eye,
A hawk for every dove!

The Enchanted Island.—By Denby.

And there the island lay, the waves around
Had never known a storm; for the north wind
Was charm'd from coming, and the only airs
That blew brought sunshine on their azure wings,
Or tones of music from the sparry caves,
Where the sea maids make lutes of the pink couch.
These were sea breezes,—those that swept the land
Brought other gifts,—sighs from blue violets,
Or from June's sweet Sultana, the bright rose,
Stole odours. On the silver mirror's face
Was but a single ripple that was made
By a flamingo's beak, whose scarlet wings
Shone like a meteor on the stream: around,
Upon the golden sands, were coral plants,
And shells of many colours, and sea weeds,
Whose foliage caught and chain'd the Nautilus,
Where lay they as at anchor. On each side
Were grottoes, like fair porches with steps
Of the green marble; and a lovely light,
Like the far radiance of a thousand lamps,
Half-shine, half shadow, or the glorious track
Of a departing star but faintly seen
In the dim distance, through those caverns shone,
And play'd o'er the tall trees which seem'd to hide
Gardens, where hacinths rang their soft bells
To call the bees from the anemone,
Jealous of their bright rivals' golden wealth,
—Amid those arches floated starry shapes,
Just indistinct enough to make the eye

Dream of surpassing beauty; but in front,
Borne on a car of pearl, and drawn by swans,
There lay a lovely figure,—she was queen
Of the enchanted island, which was raised
From ocean's bosom but to pleasure her:
And spirits, from the stars, and from the sea,
The beautiful mortal had them for her slaves.

She was the daughter of a king, and loved
By a young Ocean Spirit from her birth,—
He hover'd o'er her in her infancy,
And bade the rose grow near her, that her cheek
Might catch its colour,—lighted up her dreams
With fairy wonders, and made harmony
The element in which she moved; at last,
When that she turn'd away from earthly love,
Eremon'd of her visions, he became
Visible with his radiant wings, and bore
His bride to the fair island.

"Fairies on the Sea Shore.—By Howard.
First Fairy.

My home and haunt are in every leaf,
Whose life is a summer day, bright and brief,—
I live in the depths of the tulip's bower,
I wear a wreath of the cistus flower,
I drink the dew of the blue harebell,
I know the breath of the violet well,—
The white and the azure violet;
But I know not which is the sweetest yet,—
I have kiss'd the cheek of the rose,
I have watch'd the lily uncloze,
My silver mine is the almond tree,
Who will come dwell with flower and me?

Chorus of Fairies.
Dance we our round, 'tis a summer night,
And our steps are led by the glow-worm's light.

Second Fairy.
My dwelling is in the serpentine
Of the rainbow's colour'd line—
See how its rose and amber clings
To the many hues of my radiant wings;
Mine is the step that bids the earth,
Give to the iris flower its birth,
And mine the golden cup to hide,
Where the last faint hue of the rainbow died.
Search the depths of an Indian mine,
Where are the colours to match with mine?

Chorus.
Dance we round, for the gale is bringing
Songs the summer rose is singing.

Third Fairy.
I float on the breath of a minstrel's lute,
Or the wandering sounds of a distant flute,
Linger I over the tones that swell
From the pink-vein'd chorals of an ocean-shell;
I love the sky-lark's morning hymn,
Or the nightingale heard at the twilight dim,
The echo, the fountain's melody,—
These, oh! these are the spells for me!

Chorus.
Hail to the summer night of June;
See! yonder has risen our lady moon.

Fourth Spirit.
My palace is in the coral cave
Set with spars by the ocean wave;
Would ye have gems, then seek them there,—
There found I the pearls that bind my hair.
I and the wind together can roam
Over the green waves and their white foam,—
See, I have got this silver shell,
Mark how my breath will its smallness swell,
For the Nautilus is my boat
In which I over the waters doat,—
The moon is shining over the sea,
Who is there will come sail with me?

Chorus of Fairies.
Our noontide sleep is on leaf and flower,
Our revels are held in a moonlit hour,—
What is there sweet, what is there fair,
And we are not the dwellers there?
Dance we round, for the morning light
Will put us and our glow-worm lamps to flight!"

To these we only add two of four historical sketches, and leave the claims of our delightful poetess to the judgment of an admiring public:

"The Sultan's Remonstrance.

It suits thee well to weep,
As thou lookest on the fair land,
Whose sceptre thou hast held
With less than woman's hand.

On yon bright city gaze,
With its white and marble halls,
The glory of its lofty towers,
The strength of its proud walls.

And look to yonder palace,
With its garden of the rose,
With its groves and silver fountains,
Fit for a king's repose.

There is weeping in that city,
And a cry of woe and shame,
There's a whisper of dishonour,
And that whisper is thy name.

And the stranger's feast is spread,
But it is no feast of thine;
In thine own halls accused lips
Drain the forbidden wine.

And aged men are in the streets,
Who mourn their length of days,
And young knights stand with folded arms,
And eyes they dare not raise.

There is not one whose blood was not
As the waves of ocean free,—
Their fathers died for thy fathers,
They would have died for thee.

Weep not, 'tis mine to weep,
That ever thou wert born,
Alas, that all a mother's love
Is lost in a queen's scorn!

Yet weep thou less than woman weep,
Those tears become thine eye,—
It suits thee well to weep the land
For which thou dardest not die*.

"The Record.

"He sleeps, his head upon his sword,
His soldier's cloak a shroud;
His church-yard is the open field—
Three times it has been plough'd:

The first time that the wheat sprung up
'Twas black as if with blood,
The meanest beggar turn'd away
From the unholy food.

The third year, and the grain grew fair,
As it was wont to wave;
None would have thought that golden corn
Was growing on the grave.

His lot was but a peasant's lot,
His name a peasant's name;
Not his, the place of death that turns
Into a place of fame.

He fell as other thousands do,
Trampled down where they fall,
While on a single name is heap'd
The glory gain'd by all.

Yet even he whose common grave
Lies in the open field,
Died not without a thought of all
The joy that glory yields.

That small white church in his own land,
The lime trees almost hide,
Bears on the walls the names of those
Who for their country died.

His name is written on those walls,
His mother read it there,
With pride,—oh! no, there could not be
Pride in the widow's prayer.

And many a stranger who shall mark
That peasant roll of fame,
Will think on prouder ones, yet say
This was a hero's name."

When it is seen, from the foregoing seven selections, that there are so many examples (all of the finest character in their respective kinds) of the deepest natural feeling—of heroic description—of moral tenderness sweetly turned almost in epigram—of poetic romance—of elegant and playful fancy—of elevated pathos—and of lowly interest; it will, we think, be a matter of wonder that it is a youthful female whose pen touches so great a variety of themes, and adorns every theme it touches.

* These lines allude to the flight of the last King of Grenada.

Narrative of a Journey into Khorasan, in the years 1821 and 22, including some account of the Countries to the North-East of Persia, &c. &c. By James B. Frazer, Author of a "Tour in the Hamala Mountains, &c." 4to. pp. 771. London, 1823. Longman & Co.

THE author draws a more unfavourable picture of Persia than any preceding writer, with whose works we are acquainted: with what degree of justice, it would require a much more minute examination of his details than we are inclined to bestow upon them, to determine. Be it our task rather to follow his track, especially when it deviates from the beaten routes, and to obtain from the great mass of his observation, such results as are most striking and novel.

In this first volume, which is very weighty, we have only a moiety of the publication. It leads us from Bombay to Muscat; from Muscat to Bushire; from Bushire to Shiraz; from Shiraz to Tehran; from Tehran to Mashed, the capital of Khorasan; and from Mashed, through Koordish encampments, to Astrabad. An Appendix presents several interesting accounts of

the states or kingdoms of Khyvah, Bockhara, and Kokaun or Ferghauna; and other valuable information relating to countries very imperfectly known; and the whole is illustrated by a map of much importance to geography.

Having thus briefly given the general outline of the volume, and reserving to ourselves the privilege of returning to its early parts, we shall, like most epic reviewers, plunge at once into the middle of things; and lo! we are at Ispahan.

"An incident," Mr. F. tells us, "occurred during our stay at this place, which proves how lightly these people hold the crime of shedding human blood, compared with the gratification of their ruling passion. One of the servants, an insolent and self-sufficient little person, had wandered to Julfa, probably for the purpose of getting drunk on Armenian brandy; and staggering homewards he met some young girls coming out of a public bath, and most wantonly and unprovokedly he struck his dagger into the body of one of them, who fell apparently dead. The assassin was instantly seized, and dragged away to have summary justice inflicted upon him. In the first place, however, they carried him before the sudr, who learning that he was attached to the British mission, sent him to our quarters, to be held in custody until it should be known whether the wounded person should live or die; adding, that it would be an indelible shame on him, should the servant of his guest be put to death under his roof. I declined receiving charge, observing that we would not in any way interfere with the course of justice; and he was remanded to prison. The question was decided the next day by the death of the poor girl, who proved to be the daughter of a seyed, whose mother only was alive, and she along with the other relatives, demanded the blood of the murderer. It was, however, soon intimated that a sum of money would be received in exchange, and 200 toman were, I think, demanded as the price of blood. I was quite aware that the Persians concerned, knowing the usual inconsiderate prodigality of Europeans, would use every means in their power to raise the price of our servant's life, by working on our feelings. I knew, however, that the culprit, independent of the act he had committed, was a bad character, and therefore repeated that I did not intend to interfere with the course of justice, and that they might deal with him according as appeared right to them. In fact, the atrocity of the act was so disgusting, that I should have deemed any active interference in his favour a positive outrage against humanity. The sudr, however, took some trouble in the matter, out of compliment to the mission, and offered himself to advance 20 toman in part of his ransom, whatever that might be; and at last, as I saw that my impartiality might be misunderstood, for the honour of the British name, though utterly against my own conscience, I agreed to give 20 toman more, making 40 in all, provided they brought a properly-attested paper to secure him after I should have quitted the place; and stipulating that he should have a very severe beating as some punishment for his atrocious conduct. This was agreed to; the relations of the deceased, though by no means in want, were quite contented to take what they could get, rather than the worthless blood of their intended victim."

Mr. Frazer's character of the Persian ambassador, who made such a figure amongst us a few years ago, will, we think, at once entertain and astonish the English reader.

"Our next visit," (says he, describing a series of attendances on the principal courtiers at Tehran), "was to Meerza Aboul Hussein Khan, late ambassador to England, a man whose charac-

ter widely differs from those of the noblemen above mentioned. He is the descendant of an old but decayed family, which resided sometimes at Sheerauz, sometimes at Isphahan. In his youth he was in very low circumstances, and was known first as a very beautiful and very abandoned boy, much sought after by the great men of the city, and who sometimes even exhibited as a dancer in women's attire. He subsequently engaged in trade, in which he was successful, and, by degrees, rose so much in rank and importance, that when the King required a person to send as ambassador to England, a service esteemed so disagreeable, and even so alarming to them, that no noble of respectability would undertake it, the offer was made to Aboul Hussein, who accepted it from motives of interest; and the knowledge of European languages and manners which he acquired on this occasion, joined to the continued dislike of others to such services, rendered him a convenient person for filling similar situations, which he has since continued to do.

"There is no man of rank about the court less respected, or less deserving of being so, than Meerza Aboul Hussein Khan. He is so mean and dishonest, in all his dealings, that none who can avoid it will have any thing to do with him; and so proverbially false, that no one believes a word he says. The dissolute and abandoned habits of his youth he maintains in his advanced years to such a degree, that, though there is little attention paid to morals in Persia, he is spoken of with contempt and disgust by every respectable person at court. Nor are his manners much superior to his character. It is true, he is plausible; and his constantly-sustained laugh gives him an appearance of good-humour, which is only for those whom he desires to conciliate. But his flattery is gross, and without tact; and his ignorance even of what regards his own country, and more particular department, is extraordinary. How he took so much in Europe, and particularly in England, is quite unaccountable; for in his own country he is considered as a man unpossessed of any one good or pleasing quality, and his conversation is liable to become so gross and disgusting, that it must have been dangerous for any female of delicacy to discourse with him. Certainly he has but ill repaid the kindness and hospitality he met with in England. Although he has for a long time past, and I believe still receives a considerable annuity from the English government, and has returned to Persia loaded with its presents, he constantly opposes its interests, and talks of it before his countrymen generally in very slighting terms. He carried a number of handsome shawls with him to England, which he boasts to have bartered there for the favours of the first women of the land; and talks openly by name of the ladies of rank, duchesses and others, with whom he has had affairs of gallantry, and a whole host of minor females, some of whose letters he produces in Persian parties, and reads out, to vouch for the truth of his statements, which are doubted more from his notorious falsity than from any confidence in the virtue of our fair countrywomen. He produces, too, a miniature picture, which has been shown to the King as that of his mistress, without concealing the name; which, I regret to say, is that of a lady highly connected, and, I believe, considered respectable. It is to be hoped that this return for the kindness, no doubt innocently shown to a stranger by our countrywomen, will serve as a lesson of caution in future; and that every English woman will recollect how such kindness may be misconstrued, when lavished on a person of whose real character they may be ignorant. It perhaps may matter little to them what opinion may be entertained of them in a distant

semibarbarous land like Persia; but it severely shocks the few of their countrymen who may wander there, to hear those lightly and irreverently spoken of, whose society they so much languish to enjoy.

"On his last return from England, Meerza Aboul Hussein Khan came laden not only with presents he had received but with an immense quantity of merchandize, purchased in Europe, which he availed himself of his ambassador's privilege to pass free of duty: but when he reached Persia, desiring to obtain the carriage of it to Tehran also free, he managed to secure beasts of burthen for his own goods, among those provided for the conveyance of presents for the king. His majesty, however, who is quite alive to what affects his own interest, suspected, or was informed of the truth; and when the ambassador approached Tehran, he took care to be absent on a hunting party, to which the former was ordered to repair, while the baggage went on to the capital; and, according to orders previously given was, without exception, lodged in one of the royal warehouses as presents for his majesty, the denomination under which the whole had travelled. The unhappy diplomatist never received back, or dared to claim a single package; aware, no doubt, of the inutility of such a step, had he even been guiltless of intended fraud. Mirrors, chandeliers, glass-ware, clocks, toys, pictures, cloths, silks, &c. &c. all went to the use of his royal master. The only part he saved of his accumulated European property was a few trunks of clothes, which had entered the city as belonging to the British charge d'affaires, and which consequently, were held sacred.

"Meerza Aboul Hussein Khan now acts as a master of the ceremonies in presenting Europeans to the King, beyond which he has little to do: he has been very desirous to take upon himself the duties of minister for foreign affairs, but has been entirely confined to the arrangements with England, in which even he is controlled by Meerza Abdool Wahab. He receives no salary.

"This person received us in a sort of boudoir, highly ornamented with English prints and mirrors, French clocks, and other gimcracks, among which was placed, in a conspicuous situation, a picture of himself, by a Russian artist: a comfortable carpet with numuds as usual, covered the floor, but there was also an excellent fire blazing in an European grate; and the whole had much more of comfort, than is usually met with in Persian apartments. He talked incessantly, and it was amusing to hear him interlard his Persian with snatches of English, among which, the ejaculation of 'God bless me!' 'Pon my honour!' and others of a similar description were very frequent. He showed us his whole menage, and by its arrangement, it was sufficiently apparent that he had picked up some idea of convenience, as well as other good things in England; he did not however approve completely of the plan of our English houses; he thought them deficient in ground space, and that the rooms were much too small."

Persia is, according to Mr. Frazer, in a rapid decline, and the king (whom he represents as a weak, avaricious monarch) decidedly averse that the nakedness of the land should be seen by foreign travellers. He contrasts his want of power and enterprise with the time of Nadir Shah, and tells the following pretty story of the latter:

"Many are the anecdotes related of this prince, illustrative of his admiration for courage, and his intolerance of cowardice. One day a dealer in arms brought for the king's inspection a parcel of swords (for which, if of fine quality,

he was known to give almost any price.) He took one, and after examining it, he observed that it was a good sword, but too short. 'Ek kudum peish,' ('one step forward,') said a young man among his attendants, in a low tone: meaning that it needed but to advance one step further towards an enemy. Nadir bent upon him his stern eye, and after a while said, 'and will you make that one step?' 'If it please your majesty,' said the youth. 'Well, then, remember!' rejoined the king, and threw him the sword. Some time afterwards, in an engagement which was very hot, Nadir called for the young man, and said 'Now, Ek kudum peish.' 'Be chushm,' (by my eyes, touching them,) said the youth, and dashed into the thick of the conflict, from whence he soon reissued, bearing an enemy's head to Nadir's feet. A second time and a third time he thus plunged into the throng, and with a similar success. But he had not escaped without hurt, and in the fourth charge he was overpowered, and would have been slain, when Nadir, who had been quietly and silently looking on, called out, 'Save that youth, he is a brave fellow.' Rescue was timely sent, and the youth, bleeding and faint, was brought to Nadir, who ordered him to be taken care of, and advanced him in his service."

"At the present time," he continues, "there is no encouragement for devotion; on the contrary, any remarkable energy, particularly if accompanied with success, inevitably begets suspicion and jealousy, which ends in disgrace and ruin. No chief now ventures to be a conqueror, even if in his power; it would be the signal of his undoing, perhaps of his death. A chief near Astrabad, in talking of his expeditions past, and proposed, against the Toorkomans, declared this to be his own feeling, in very plain terms: 'To what end,' said he, 'should I destroy these people? what thanks should I receive from Futeh Allee Shah? to have my eyes put out like ———!!'"

The wild region of Khorasan is inhabited by various tribes, chiefly the Tuckeh, the Gocklan, and the Yamoot: of these eastern Koords (who must not be confounded with the Koords of Koordistan) we select as many of the most curious notices as our present limits allow.

"The Toorkoman women are not shut up, or concealed like those of most Mahometan countries, nor do they even wear veils; the only thing resembling them is a silken or cotton curtain which is worn tied round the face, so as to conceal all of it below the nose, and which falls down upon their breasts. They do not rise and quit the tent upon the entrance of a stranger, but continue occupied unconcernedly with whatever work they were previously engaged upon. They are, in truth, rather familiar with strangers; and have even the reputation of being well disposed to regard them with peculiar favour; it is said, indeed, that they not unfrequently assume the semblance of allurements, with the treacherous intention of seducing the incautious stranger into improper liberties; upon which the alarm is given, the men rush in, and convicting their unhappy guest of a breach of the laws of hospitality, they doom him without further ceremony to death, or captivity, making a prize of all he may have possessed.

"The head dress of these women is singular enough; most of them wear a lofty cap, with a

"I have unfortunately lost the memorandum I made of this conversation, and therefore relate the anecdotes from memory; which, however, has not served me to retain the names; and I do not choose to hazard committing an error by inserting them. The substance is however just what I heard, and the chief who lost his eyes was a well-known commander of the present king, who was too successful, and therefore considered dangerous."

broad crown resembling that sort of soldier's cap called a shako; this is stuck upon the back of the head, and over it is thrown a silk handkerchief of a very brilliant colour, which covers the top, and falls down on each side like a veil thrown back. The front of this is covered with ornaments of silver or gold, in various shapes; most frequently gold coins, mohrs or tomauns, strung in rows, with silver bells or buttons, and chains depending from them; hearts and other fanciful forms with stones set in them; the whole gives rather the idea of gorgeous trappings for a horse, than ornaments for a female. The frames of these monstrous caps are made of light chips of wood, or split reeds, covered with cloth; and when they do not wear these, they wrap a cloth around their heads in the same form; and carelessly throw another, like a veil, over it; the veil or curtain above spoken of, covers the mouth, descending to the breast; ear-rings are worn in the ears, and their long hair is divided, and plaited into four parts, disposed two on each side; one of which falls down behind the shoulder and one before, and both are strung with a profusion of gold ornaments, agates, cornelians, and other stones, according to the means and quality of the wearer. . . .

"It is the custom among the Toorkomans for a man to purchase his wife, a certain number of camels, sheep, or cattle, constituting the price. The women are valuable as servants, not only attending to the household matters, but manufacturing such articles as the family sells, the men paying little attention to any thing beyond the larger cattle and their plundering expeditions. It is somewhat singular that, in these bargains, a widow who has been some years married, bears a far higher value than a young girl: the latter will bring from two to four hundred rupees; the former as many thousands. Five camels is a common price for a girl; from fifty to a hundred are often given for a woman who has been married, and is still in the prime of life. The reason assigned for this curious choice is, that the former is not supposed to be as yet by any means acquainted with the management of a family, or with the occupations and manufactures that render a woman valuable to her husband; and so great may be the difference of degree in this species of knowledge, that a woman known to excel in it will command the large price above stated.

"It is, however, rendered highly probable from this high price, that polygamy must be less common among the Toorkoman tribes than in other Mahometan countries. Whether from this cause or not, I cannot say; but it is certain that their women are by far more prolific than others, even, as I was assured, in the proportion of two to one. I can myself assert, that out of every camp we passed through, such crowds of children issued, that one of my servants, in amazement, cried out that it was 'like an ant-hill.' They were stout, healthy, hardy little creatures, almost quite naked, and it was admirable to see the courage and unconcern with which infants, that seemed scarcely able to walk, would splash and plunge through streams that would have made an European mother scream. Every thing about them told of the rough school in which they were receiving their education. My host, Khallee Khan, though by no means much advanced in life, had ten fine sons, born of his two wives.

"When one of these Toorkomans dies, they wash the body on the spot where he breathed his last, or as near it as possible; and on that spot they raise a little mound, by digging a circular trench, two or three feet wide, throwing the earth up in the centre; and in this mound they plant a tree, or pole, to mark the place. The plain is studded, in some places pretty

thickly, with these traces of mortality. The body is carried for interment further into the plain. There are numerous burying-grounds to be seen all over this country, even in the plains near the rivers,—sad proofs of former population and prosperity, now totally disappeared."

These miscellaneous selections may afford some idea of a volume to which we shall return probably more than once or twice.

Narrative of a Visit to Brazil, Chile, Peru, and the Sandwich Islands, during the Years 1821 and 1822, &c. &c. By G. F. Mathison, Esq. 8vo, pp. 478. London, 1825. C. Knight.

Or this volume truth compels us to say, that fully one half is a tale more than twice told: a tale told half a dozen of times, and so very recently as to be devoid of public interest. Excursions about Rio Janeiro are as familiar to us now as trips to Paris; and we really cannot find an extractable passage in the first two hundred pages of Mr. Mathison's book, though we do him the justice to acknowledge that his view of the growing improvement of Brazil is a fair and intelligent sketch.

From Rio he sailed to Chile, where also there have been too many observant travellers before him, with whose remarks the mass of readers are familiar. As setting his opinions, however, in the same light with those of his precursors, we quote the following:

"During our stay in the capital of Chile, my friend and I were comfortably boarded and lodged at a hotel kept by an Irishwoman, at the moderate expense of one dollar and a half a-day. We generally sat down twenty or thirty to dinner, at the table d'hôte, the party consisting chiefly of Patriot officers, naval and military, whose conversation was not ill calculated to throw light upon the political state of the country: some were natives, some Frenchmen and Germans, some Englishmen, some Americans.

"Their sentiments were for the most part obviously dictated by self-interest: some loudly abusing the Government for not giving them pay and promotion equal to their expectations; others, who had been more fortunate, as violently declaiming in praise of liberty and patriotism. Many thought no epithet too opprobrious to be bestowed upon Lord Cochrane's character; others, again, extolled him to the skies as the greatest of heroes. In one thing the Englishmen present appeared all to agree,—namely, in expressing unqualified regret at having ever left their own country to enter into the Patriot service. Their health had been wasted, and their expectations, for the most part, disappointed: but, having gone so far, it was too late to recede, and they felt obliged to pursue their career in South America to the end.

"It was interesting thus to witness on the spot the sentiments entertained by these soldiers of fortune towards the Government which they served; and the staunchest friends of revolutions, after listening to the stories and circumstances detailed by the people most likely to know the truth, would have turned away in pity, to mourn rather than exult over the present fate of South America."

Respecting Peru, which the author also visited, he states,

"Lord Cochrane and San Martin were now declared enemies. Their quarrel originated in a difference of opinion as to the measures to be pursued for the reduction of Callao Castle: Lord Cochrane, with his characteristic bravery, wishing to carry the place by storm, or to compel the garrison to surrender at discretion; General San Martin, on the other hand, with his characteristic prudence and moderation, preferring cavillation

without bloodshed. The opinion of the General prevailed on this occasion, and the result is thought to have shown that the opinion of the Admiral was founded on the soundest views of good policy; for though a certain degree of success has followed the arms and policy of San Martin, and in the name of the *Patria* (a comprehensive term, which includes the whole or any particular part of South America, when once made independent of Spain,) he had taken possession of the capital of Peru, yet an opportunity was afforded by this temporizing plan to General Canterac, and a large body of Spanish troops, to escape from Callao, and to renew the war in the interior. Another disagreement soon afterwards took place in consequence of the refusal of San Martin to pay the Chilean fleet out of the funds obtained by him in Lima; and the seizure of a large sum of money at Ancon forcibly by Lord Cochrane, who thus took the law into his own hands, rendered the rupture complete.

"A sort of paper-war has since been carried on between the two rival commanders, into which it is far from my wish to enter; but, if their statements against each other are to be received as any thing more than the tirade of the angry moment, it would appear, that the warm eulogiums bestowed upon them by their respective friends and admirers will pass away among the political effusions of the day, and obtain no good place in the pages of history."

The excesses committed in these struggles may be imagined from the annexed:

"May 2.—This was a busy and eventful day in Lima and Callao. At three o'clock in the morning bodies of armed soldiers, under the orders of Government, beset the houses of all the Spaniards, who, relying on the promises of protection made to them in the name of the new Government, on the capture of the city by the Patriot army, had ventured to continue in the country. They were now dragged out of their beds at a moment's warning, without being allowed to take even a change of linen with them. No fewer than six hundred individuals of all ranks were, it is said, torn thus violently from their afflicted families.

"As a large portion of those Spaniards had left the mother-country in early youth, they naturally looked upon Peru as their adopted country and chosen place of residence. There they had been married, had raised families of children, had established friendships and acquired property—all, in short, that could sweeten life, or render the ordinary evils of it tolerable. The old and infirm, each strapped behind a soldier, were carried on horseback: the remainder, escorted by a strong guard, were marched on foot to Callao, to be embarked on board the *Monteagudo*, an old merchant-ship in the service of Government, and be hurried away by this violent and summary sort of process into banishment to Chile or some distant country, they knew not where—perhaps for ever. It was my misfortune to witness this horrid embarkation. Many were quite outrageous in their grief at being thus unexpectedly forced to quit, for an indefinite period, their homes and families: some required actually to be pushed into the boats by the bayonets of the soldiery; others, more composed, but not less sorrowful at heart, vainly endeavoured to conceal the agony of their feelings; and those among the bystanders whose hearts were not harder than stone, could not refrain from dropping a sympathetic tear at the sight of so much misery. One old gentleman, in particular, excited deep commiseration; he was upwards of fourscore, and had been sixty years in the country, during the last forty of which he had filled a high situation in the Custom-house department. He had for some time

been allowed to retain his place under the Patriot Government; but neither his grey hairs, his numerous family, nor his acknowledged respectability, proved of any avail upon the present occasion, and he was forced to join the other victims of broken faith and treacherous cruelty.

"Friday, the 3d.—Rode to Callao: heard that two Spaniards had already died on board the *Monteagudo*, and that the misery which prevailed there exceeded all belief. The decks above and below were so thickly crowded with the unfortunate wretches, that they could hardly move; and the stench and heat occasioned by such a multitude of persons herded together confusedly in a ship too small for their accommodation, was literally insupportable. Numbers were ready to expire with thirst, and kept crying out, in the name of every saint, for a drop of water. To add to the horror of the scene, boats full of women and children surrounded the ship on all sides, and filled the air with their lamentations, vainly imploring permission to embrace their husbands, friends, and relatives, once more; but strict orders had been issued to admit no females, and, except by handing up baskets of refreshments, they had only the melancholy satisfaction, if it may be so called, of witnessing the wretchedness which they were not otherwise suffered to alleviate."

The following are of a more general character:

"Even in the houses of English merchants nothing like open discussion ever took place, and the boasted freedom of thought and speech which the Patriots had proclaimed, was known under their dominion, by name alone. Some unfortunate woman happened on one occasion, a few days before my arrival at Lima, to use her tongue with too great freedom, and, as was asserted, to speak disrespectfully of the *Patria*; she was forthwith informed against, taken up, and sent to prison, and then ignominiously exposed, with a bone in her mouth as a sort of gag, in the public square, to strike terror into the other inhabitants."

"April 10. I visited the public burying-ground, or Pantheon, as it is here called, a mile distant from the city. It is very spacious, and extends to the banks of the river. At the entrance is a chapel, decorated with an image of Our Saviour in the Sepulchre, large as life, and so painted as to excite indescribable horror. The burial-ground is laid out with low walls, built in rows, and having a walk between them. In these are a succession of niches, where the bodies are deposited in quick-lime and speedily consumed. The bones are then collected together, and thrown into a charnel-house in the centre of the burial-ground: particular walls are appropriated to particular convents, hospitals, and families, and the remains of all are treated in the same careless and undistinguishing manner. English feelings cannot be easily reconciled to such a mode of burial; and the loathsome effluvia which polluted the whole atmosphere, was quite sufficient to prevent any lengthened meditations among the tombs."

"Another offensive practice is very common, namely, that of bringing the bodies of poor people, whose friends cannot afford the expenses of a coffin and regular conveyance, and throwing them unceremoniously over the walls of the cemetery, where they lie until the persons in attendance are prepared to bury them. In the morning a number of corpses may be often seen exposed to full view in this way, as if they were no better than dead dogs or cats."

The author's voyage to the Sandwich Islands is productive of somewhat greater novelty; and we shall conclude by extracting some of his details, especially as they regard that Majesty who was honoured at our national theatres with

such profound marks of respect, by the loyal and well-informed managers.

"Upon landing, we were immediately surrounded by a mob of men, women, and children, who pressed forward to shake me by the hand, and eyed me with great apparent curiosity. They were all dressed *au naturel*, or nearly so, with nothing but the *maro*, a cincture of cloth made from the paper mulberry-tree, round their waists; their cries were most discordant, and the clatter of women's tongues not the least audible. I afterwards found out that they were settling a nickname for me, in allusion to some peculiarity in my dress or person. This they do invariably, whenever a stranger comes among them; and it is astonishing how quick-sighted, and even witty, they often are in ridiculing the least affectation of manner, awkwardness of gait, or bodily deformity."

"Having thus encountered their jokes on first landing, I went with the Consul to the palace of the King, if such a term can be applied to a grass hut, floored with mats, and only distinguished from the rest by a few cannon placed about it in *terrorem*. Imagination had pictured the monarch, sitting in the midst of his chiefs with dignified composure, his interpreter on one side and secretary on the other, (for he really has two such officers) and, as the subject of a brother king, I anticipated a most gracious reception. What, then, was my astonishment on entering the royal hut?

"Oh, majesty! Oh, high ambition, lowly laid!" The royal beast lay sprawling on the ground in a state of total drunkenness and insensibility. On one side of his head was extended an enormous sow, which every now and then gave a grunt, as if in sympathy with its master; and upon the other side sat his Queen, an immense woman, like him, almost in a state of primitive nudity, who seemed endeavouring, though in vain, by her caresses, to assuage his beastly transports: a few chiefs and domestics, in all about twenty, completed the group—some asleep, others fanning away the flies, and singing the wildest and harshest lullaby that ever saluted mortal ears."

"We then passed into another room belonging to the head Queen; who, though equally large in her person, had a benevolent and pleasing cast of countenance. She was dressed in a loose robe of English chintz, and to my delight, was engaged in learning to write, which she had only attempted within a few days. She showed me her performance on the slate with great eagerness; and well she might, for really the letters were by no means badly formed. I then underwent, as on my first landing, a thorough examination, during which her Majesty often laughed immoderately, and ended her remarks by saying that I was a mere child, and had no beard."

"The ground part of the apartment was matted, and the walls hung round with mats, with a large and handsome mirror on one side; and upon the whole had a comfortable appearance; though the furniture, comprising several Chinese chests, a mahogany table, and three matted bedsteads—in addition to the living furniture, comprising her Majesty the Queen and her numerous attendants, who lay extended on the floor in different attitudes, and kept up an incessant singing sort of noise—gave to the whole scene a truly fantastic character."

"Next day," he continues, "we paid a second visit to the King, who had by this time recovered a little from the debauch of the preceding night. He shook me heartily by the hand, and was pleased at hearing that I was an Englishman, saying, that his islands belonged to the King of Great Britain, to whom they had been formerly

surrendered in Vancouver's time, by his father, old Tama-hama-hah, and desiring me to apply to him for any thing I might want during my stay. He afterwards said, that he was too much intoxicated to talk with me any longer at the moment, but hoped to be sober in the course of a few days, and in the mean time would leave the Queen to do the honours of the house. We were ushered accordingly into the inner apartment, where a third lady, whom I had not yet seen, presided at a table which groaned under the weight of bottles of wine, and almost every known spirituous liquor. I immediately drank her health in a glass of the wine; but she, to my great surprise, pledged me in a good tumbler of gin, and quaffed it off at one draught, as if it had been water."

"The fourth and last Queen was next introduced, and made a similar libation; but it was evident that she had gone too far already. She did not hesitate to own, her frailty, indeed, and said, that as the King her husband had been enjoying a drinking-bout, she had a right to take the same license herself. She then began to tumble about the room, and sing, or rather utter, discordant cries after the fashion of the country, until I could bear the sight no longer, and turned away in disgust, lamenting the beastly excesses to which the human creature is carried in a natural and unenlightened state."

From the whole, it appears that the instruction of the adult population in reading and writing; and religious instruction generally, makes very slow progress. Witness the description of the departure of their worthy European and American teachers:

"The King and one of his Queens paid us a farewell visit on board just before our departure; and we in return did our best to entertain them in their favourite way, with wine, spirits, &c. This sort of entertainment at first made them noisy and talkative, then gradually more and more quiet; until at last the King threw himself on one sofa, and the Queen upon the other, and both fell fast asleep, their attendants in the mean time standing over them as usual with fans to brush away the flies, and singing their own wild, inharmonious lullaby. At last the ship got under weigh, and we were obliged to rouse our royal visitors rather unceremoniously from their slumbers, that they might take their departure, which they accordingly did; and we exchanged for the last time the friendly salutation of 'Ar-ró-há' with much mutual cordiality."

"Between twenty and thirty females, who had been living on board with the sailors, according to immemorial usage, still remained, and seemed unwilling to quit the ship. At length, when we had advanced about a mile out of the harbour, they took a most tender leave of their respective sweethearts, and with loud laughter and cries, and huzzas from the crew, leaped overboard in one instant into the sea. There they remained swimming and diving, and playing about the ship, like so many mermaids in their native element, until a breeze sprung up; and as we bounded merrily before it, women and canoes, and houses and the land itself, gradually disappeared from our view."

The remaining original customs of the Islanders themselves, bespeak the same unimproved condition:

"A vague belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, when one asks the question, is generally acknowledged; the propriety of appeasing his wrath and meriting his favour is likewise instinctively felt; but the ignorance of unassisted nature cannot point out the use of right means, and the subject therefore seldom comes under consideration. Superstitious fears will, never-

theless, at times intrude upon their thoughts; and dreams are often held to be portentous.

"The idea of a future state of rewards and punishments seems to be entertained in the same vague way.

"The tradition of a deluge has been preserved. The story told is this:—That a certain man, many thousand moons ago, was fishing in the sea, and by some curious fatality caught the Spirit of the waters upon his hook, and dragged him, to his great astonishment, out of the briny element. The consequences of this rash act were destructive to the whole country, the Spirit having declared in his anger that he would cause a general deluge: yet, in pity to the unintentional author of the misfortune, he allowed him to escape with his wife to the summit of Mounah-roah, the mountain in Owhyhee, where he remained till after the deluge had subsided, and was thus preserved.

"The belief in a bad *démon* is pretty general; and many are afraid to go out of their houses on a dark night. The said *démon* is supposed to have frequently made his appearance in the form of a white dog. Supernatural powers are still ascribed to lizards, and during the Taboo system they were worshipped.

"The influence of the moon is much thought of; and at certain periods, after the death of any person, his relations chant funeral dirges in remembrance of him. The night of the full moon is kept with rejoicings, and large crowds assemble together for that purpose.

"The extraordinary custom of cutting the body of the dead into pieces, and afterwards burying it under the house of the deceased, deserves to be mentioned. The ceremony is attended with much mystery, and probably arises from some traditional superstition. Sometimes a small shed is erected, with white poles, upwards of twenty feet in length, piled round in the form of a pyramid, to mark the spot where the remains have been deposited.

"On the birth of a child, it is immediately named, and all the neighbours assemble to drink, and sing their *hourah-hourahs*. The unnatural practice of infanticide continues to prevail, and abortions are still more frequent; the women not only disliking the trouble of rearing children, but dreading the loss of personal charms thereby occasioned, and the constant diminution of their influence over the other sex.

"The only ceremony used in marriage, is that of throwing a tapper cloth round the bodies of both persons. The common people generally confine themselves to one wife; the Chiefs have two or three; the King four. Though chastity is by no means considered a virtue, or the reverse of it a blemish, it is not unusual for a Chief to taboo particular females at an early age, and thus to secure an exclusive right of property in them, which no one would even think of violating. When a man wishes to change his wife, he is allowed by the custom of the country to contract with another; but he is not allowed to turn away the first. She will always continue to live in his house and to share his fortunes."

We have only to add, that the *hourah-hourah* is a barbarous indecent dance.

A General Critical Grammar of the English Language, in a System, novel and extensive, &c.

By Samuel Oliver, jun., Esq. 8vo. pp. 377. London, published for the Author, by Baldwin. There was once a Paladin, a name-sake of this gentleman, who attacked giants and overcame them. The present Oliver imitates the boldness of the peer of Charlemagne, in attacking Johnson, Horne Tooke, and other gigantic grammarians—but he does not resemble that hero in the

successes of his *rencontres*. Mr. Oliver is chiefly remarkable for the rage which possesses him of spelling better than every body else, and of never using any short or common words when a long or a new one can be found. But we shall not ask our readers to take our own word for this: we shall produce our proofs: for we entirely agree with our inimitable author, that—

"Bare assertion, it may be urged, is nothing; proof is every thing:—even so: *proofs*, it is hoped, *do demonstrate*, and not *thinly* elsewhere; here it is our business to prologue proof, in which we proceed."

After abusing all preceding grammars, &c. as "*opplete* with imperfection," Mr. Oliver thus goes on to give his reasons for so abusing them.

"It may be considered an arrogant and an invidious procedure to preface a grammar with a general censure of other grammars, when the most fashionable grammaticists of the day have introduced their works by a general eulogy on the number, variety, and excellence of English grammars extant: here, however, let it be observed, that a general attribution of variety, and excellence appears somewhat antilogistical: a system of English to be excellent must not be various, but stable, not multiple, but one. It may further be inquired to what end these grammarians have written, believing England so plentifully provisioned with excellent grammars: they, indeed, have alledged that little can be expected from them beyond an improved adaptation of the labors of men to the uses of children: the declaration is modest, and the design does at least deserve the meed of good intention: puerile it is, yet utile it seems: but it is to no great purpose that the systems of sages are simplified, and methodised to the purposes of juvenile instruction when those systems, radically objectionable, are pedantick, and vague in hypothesis, to be philosophical, imperfect, and incongruous in abridgement, to be popular.

"The author of the *sequent* treatise" (he proceeds) "thinks that an *English Grammar*, uniting the merits and *evitiating* the errors of other *English* grammatical works, and adding a portion, the larger the better, of *original* excellence, is greatly needed." (p. xi.) However large the reader's desire of *originality* may be, we are sure he will here find it amply gratified—of the *excellence* referred to, we would rather say nothing. The author, however, is truly patriotic: for he insists upon it, that no language ever was equal to what he calls *English*—"*the asper* but *multi-potent* *English*." (p. xvii.) He afterwards breaks out to this fashion,—

"*English*, speech-exhausting *English* apart, the grandiloquent Castilian is infinitely more admirable than the *flimsy* French, must be preferred to the rugged German, and can not be adjudged much inferior to the delicate Italian. The Spanish literature is, indeed, second to the *English*, the Italian and the French, though to the last temporally prior, but it more than peers the literature of Germany, to which in antiquity it is incomparably superior, and though much less so, still, I believe, superior in extent, if not in excellence."

The first part of the grammar is *Orthography*: as a specimen of the improvements he wishes to introduce, we quote the following:—

"The words *portion*, *relation*, *propitious*, *initial*, not being susceptible of their true sound in the regular order of spelling by syllables, must be thus spelt,—*p*, *o*, *r*, *t*, *i*, *o*, *n*,—*porsh-yon*; *re-l*, *a*, *t*, *i*, *o*, *n*,—*lash-yon*; *pro-p*, *i*, *t*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *s*,—*pish-yous*; *in-i*, *t*, *i*, *a*, *l*,—*ish-yal*."

The other divisions of the book are the usual ones of *Etymology*, *Syntax*, and *Prosody*: the rules are laid down in the same agreeable style,

and embellished with the same beauties of diction. Of the author's taste in what he calls "*adjectival diminutives*," our readers will have some idea when they understand that he thinks *birdling* and *coatee* "*words in polite usage*." (p. 150). He adds, "they are elegant formations, and I wish we had a long sequence of similar ones." He also discovers that the *Welsh* speak *English* more correctly than the Irish and Scotch. (p. 153).

Mr. Oliver is no lover of French, as will appear from the following among other passages of his book:

"In the property of sweetness, Italian in a Roman, not in a Tuscan mouth, full of guttural and of feeble French sound, surpasses every tongue: as far as we may presume to judge of this quality in a dead language, which indeed is not far, Greek itself seems here excelled: hence Italian poetry obtains a similar superiority: but sweetness is no very high philological quality, and is one which Italian speech, and verse possess in-common, though supersentially, with French, with jabber-living speech, and jingle-living verse: yet be we just: the metre of Italy is not only pre-eminently sweet; it is also pre-eminently melodious: it has more than omnivorous sweetness, yet less than omnivorous harmony: and now to the proof.

"A final, and an initial vowel incontrating," &c.

We have not room to go more particularly through the book; but our readers are now able to judge how well it is fitted for the persons to whom Mr. Oliver thinks it specially adapted.

"This grammar of the *English* tongue is addressed principally, but not exclusively to the *English*, and it may be used by foreigners, the author presumes to conceive, with as much advantage as by natives, though with less facility. The difficulties which in this study may occur to the pupil must be explained by the preceptor. An abridgement of the work in two languages ably executed might be desirable as an initiatory grammar, but would be much the contrary as a standing one. The grammars extant in two idioms for teaching to foreigners the *English* language are the most miserable of all philological productions, teaching chiefly what ought to be untaught; and we strenuously counsel aliens never to open those stultified chronicles of jargon. Todd's edition of Johnson's dictionary, until an abler shall appear, may be used by foreigners who shall have attained a certain proficiency in *English*. 'Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary' is for alien students yet more objectionable than for native: let them never consult a work in which vituperable practice forms ubiquitous exception to commendable principle."

In spite of his barbarous *English*, we cannot help saying that Mr. Oliver has displayed throughout his work great reading, great learning, and great industry. It is a pity they should be so much mis-directed.

We see the book is printed for the author. It was natural for an *Oliver* to seek a *Baldwin* for his publisher; but the latter has by no means been so adventurous in publishing as his namesake was in fighting.

PEPYS' MEMOIRS, &c.

Fifth Notice.

Our last notice of this entertaining work broke off in the midst of those entries which we were classing together as illustrative of public men and matters; these are now continued.

"1667, June 23. No news at all of late from Bredagh what our treaters do. In the evening comes Mr. Pory about business; and he and I to walk in the garden an hour or two, and to talk

of State matters. He tells me his opinion that it is out of possibility for us to escape being undone, there being nothing in our power to do that is necessary for the saving us: a lazy Prince, no Council, no money, no reputation at home or abroad. He says that to this day the King do follow the women as much as ever he did; that the Duke of York hath not got Mrs. Middleton, as I was told the other day: but says that he wants not her, for he hath others, and hath always had, and that he hath known them brought through the Matted Gallery at White Hall into his closet; nay, he hath come out of his wife's bed, and gone to others laid in bed for him: that Mr. Brouncker is not the only pimp, but that the whole family are of the same strain, and will do any thing to please him: that, besides the death of the two Princes lately, the family is in horrible disorder by being in debt by spending above 60,000*l.* per annum, when he hath not 40,000*l.*: that the Duchesse is not only the proudest woman in the world, but the most expensive; and that the Duke of York's marriage with her hath undone the kingdom, by making the Chancellor so great above reach, who otherwise would have been but an ordinary man to have been dealt with by other people; and he would have been careful of managing things well, for fear of being called to account; whereas now he is secure, and hath let things run to rack, as they now appear. That at a certain time Mr. Povey did carry him an account of the state of the Duke of York's estate, shewing in faithfulness how he spent more than his estate would bear, by above 20,000*l.* per annum, and asked my Lord's opinion of it; to which he answered, that no man that loved the King or kingdom durst own the writing of that paper: at which Povey was started, and reckoned himself undone for this good service, and found it necessary then to shew it to the Duke of York's Commissioners; who read, examined, and approved, of it, so as to cause it to be put into form, and signed it, and gave it the Duke. Now the end of the Chancellor was, for fear that his daughter's ill housewifery should be condemned. He tells me, (speaking of the horrid effeminacy of the King,) that the King hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save his kingdom; nay, that upon any falling out between my Lady Castlemaine's nurse and her woman, my Lady hath often said she would make the King to make them friends, and they would be friends and be quiet; which the King hath been fain to do: that the King is, at this day, every night in Hyde Park with the Duchesse of Monmouth, or with my Lady Castlemaine.

"July 12. The Duke of Buckingham was before the Council the other day, and there did carry it very submissively and pleasingly to the King; but to my Lord Arlington, who do prosecute the business, he was most bitter and sharp, and very slighting. As to the letter about his employing a man to cast the King's nativity, says he to the King, 'Sir, this is none of my hand, and I refer it to your Majesty whether you do not know this hand.' The King answered, that it was indeed none of his, and that he knew whose it was, but could not recall it presently. 'Why,' says he, 'it is my sister of Richmond's, some frolic or other of hers about some certain person; and there is nothing of the King's name in it, but it is only said to be his by supposition, as is said.' The King, it seems, was not very much displeased with what the Duke had said; but, however, he is still in the Tower, and no discourse of his being out in haste, though my Lady Castlemaine hath so far solicited for him

that the King and she are quite fallen out: he comes not to her, nor hath for some three or four days; and parted with very foul words, the King calling her a jade that meddled with things she had nothing to do with at all: and she calling him a fool; and told him if he was not a fool he would not suffer his businesses to be carried on by fools that did not understand them, and cause his best subjects, and those best able to serve him, to be imprisoned; meaning the Duke of Buckingham. And it seems she was not only for his liberty, but to be restored to all his places; which, it is thought, he will never be. It was computed that the Parliament had given the King for this war only, besides all prizes, and besides the 200,000*l.* which he was to spend of his own revenue, to guard the sea above 5,000,000*l.* and odd 100,000*l.*; which is a most prodigious sum. It is strange how every body do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time.

"13th. Mr. Pierce tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the King's house, and gives her 100*l.* a-year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more.

"-- Fenn tells me that Sir John Coventry do bring the confirmation of the peace; but I do not find the 'Change at all glad of it, but rather the worse, they looking upon it as a peace made only to preserve the King for a time in his lusts and ease, and to sacrifice trade and his kingdoms only to his own pleasures; so that the hearts of merchants are quite down. He tells me that the King and my Lady Castlemaine are quite broke off, and she is gone away, and is with child, and swears the King shall own it; and she will have it christened in the Chapel at White Hall so, and owned for the King's, as other Kings have done; or she will bring it into White Hall gallery, and dash the brains of it out before the King's face. He tells me that the King and Court were never in the world so bad as they are now for gaming, swearing, women, and drinking, and the most abominable vices that ever were in the world; so that all must come to nought.

"He do say that the Court is in a way to ruin all for their pleasures; and says that he himself hath once taken the liberty to tell the King the necessity of having at least a shew of religion in the Government, and sobriety; and that it was that that did set up and keep up Oliver, though he was the greatest rogue in the world. He tells me the King adheres to no man, but this day delivers himself up to this and the next to that, to the ruin of himself and business; that he is at the command of any woman like a slave.

"To White Hall; and looking out of the window into the garden, I saw the King (whom I have not had any desire to see since the Dutch came upon the coast first to Sheerness, for shame that I should see him, or he me, methinks, after such a dishonour) come upon the garden; with him two or three idle Lords; and instantly after him, in another walk, my Lady Castlemaine, led by Bab. May: at which I was surprised, having but newly heard the stories of the King and her being parted for ever. So I took Mr. Povey, who was there, aside, and he told me all,--how imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to whatever she will. It seems she is with child, and the King says he did not get it: with that she made a slighting pugh with her mouth, and

went out of the house, and never came in again till the King went to Sir Daniel Harvey's to pray her; and so she is come to-day, when one would think his mind should be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a Parliament with so much discontent and so many wants upon him, and but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery. But it seems she hath told the King, that whoever did get it, he should own it. And the bottom of the quarrel is this:--She is fallen in love with young Jermin, who hath of late been with her oftener than the King, and is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth; the King is mad at her entertaining Jermin, and she is mad at Jermin's going to marry from her: so they are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed!"

A few days later: "Though the King and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at White Hall, but at Sir D. Harvey's, whither the King goes to her; and he says she made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promise to offend her no more so: and that, indeed, she did threaten to bring all his bastards to his closet-door, and hath nearly hectorated him out of his wits.

With two more extracts, we shall close this illustration of public profligacy: Pepsys and his fellow officers are accused of malversation, and cited before the House of Commons.

"March 5th, 1667-B. To^s Westminster; where I found myself come time enough, and my brethren all ready. But I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day: and to comfort myself did go to the Dog and drink half-a-pint of mulled sack, and in the hall did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and between eleven and twelve o'clock were called in, with the mace before us, into the House; where a mighty full House: and we stood at the bar; namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Pen being in the House as a Member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or losse, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my fellow-officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; and my fellow-officers were overjoyed in it. And we were called in again by and by to answer only one question touching our paying tickets to ticket-mongers: and so out. And we were in hopes to have had a vote this day in our favour, and so the generality of the House was; but my speech being so long, many

* Upon the subject of the Queen's infidelity, we may here remark that Mr. Croker is at issue with Horace Walpole in the recent volume of his works, which he has so ably edited. Walpole (p. 289.) says, "Can any man in his historical senses believe, that my Lord Clarendon did not know that, though the Queen was a pattern of affection, it was by no means of the conjugal kind."--Upon which Mr. Croker has the following note, directly at variance with the Diary of Pepys. "Mr. Walpole had early taken up this opinion; witness that gross line in his dull epistle to Aston, written in 1740.

The lustful Henrietta's Romish Shade; but we believe that no good authority for this imputation can be produced; there is strong evidence the other way, and if we were even to stand on mere authority, we would prefer that of Lord Clarendon to the scandalous rumours of troublesome times, which were, we believe, the only guides of Mr. Walpole."--[Who shall decide when Doctors disagree.--Ed. L. G.]

had gone out to dinner and come in again half-drunk. And then there are two or three that are professed enemies to us and every body else; among others, Sir T. Littleton, Sir Thomas Lee, Mr. Wiles, (the coxcomb whom I saw heretofore at the cock-fighting,) and a few others: I say, these did rise up and speak against the coming to a vote now, the House not being full by reason of several being at dinner, but most because that the House was to attend the King this afternoon about the business of religion (wherein they pray him to put in force all the laws against Nonconformists and Papists): and this prevented it, so that they put it off to to-morrow come se'nnight."

"19th. Dr. Pierce tells me (when I was wondering that Fraizer should order things with the Prince in that confident manner) that Fraizer is so great with my Lady Castlemaine and Stewart, and all the ladies at court, in helping to slip their calves when there is occasion, and with the great men in curing of them, that he can do what he please with the King, in spite of any man, and upon the same score with the Prince; they all having more or less occasion to make use of him."

The following afford a strange idea of the manners of the higher classes, though unstained by the very gross immoralities which mark the preceding extracts.

"31st. Mr. Povey and I to White Hall; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the King. He brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchesse at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queene, the Duke and Duchesse, and all the great ones: and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchesse of York; and the Duke, the Duchesse of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords other ladies: and they danced the Brantle. After that, the King led a lady a single Coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, 'Cuckolds all awry,' the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry do Vicke's, were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queene herself, stand up; and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at Court, I went home, leaving them dancing."

"1664. June 11. With my wife only to take the ayre, it being very warm and pleasant, to Bowe and Old Ford: and thence to Hackney. There light, and played at shuffle-board, eat cream and good cherries; and so with good refreshment home."

"15th. At home, to look after things for dinner. And anon at noon comes Mr. Creed by chance, and by and by the three young ladies; and very merry we were with our pasty, very well baked; and a good dish of roasted chickens; pease, lobsters, strawberries. And after dinner to cards: and about five o'clock, by water down to Greenwich; and up to the top of the hill, and there played upon the ground at cards. And so to the Cherry Garden, and then by water singing finely to the Bridge, and there landed; and

so took boat again, and to Somerset House. And by this time, the tide being against us, it was past ten of the clock; and such a troublesome passage, in regard of my Lady Paulina's fearfulness, that in all my life I never did see any poor wretch in that condition. Being come hither, there waited for them their coach; but it being so late, I doubted what to do how to get them home. After half an hour's stay in the street, I sent my wife home by coach with Mr. Creed's boy; and myself and Creed in the coach home with them. But, Lord! the fear that my Lady Paulina was in every step of the way: and indeed at this time of the night it was no safe thing to go that road; so that I was even afraid myself, though I appeared otherwise. We come safe, however, to their house; where we knocked them up, my Lady and all the family being in bed. So put them into doors; and leaving them with the maids, bade them good night. ---

"Here I heard how the rich widow, my Lady Gold, is married to one Neale, after he had received a box on the eare by her brother (who was there a sentinel, in behalf of some courtier) at the door; but made him draw, and wounded him. She called Neale up to her, and sent for a priest, married presently, and went to bed. The brother sent to the Court, and had a serjeant sent for Neale; but Neale sent for him up to be seen in bed, and she owned him for her husband: and so all is past."

"26th. Great discourse of the fray yesterday in Moorefields, how the butchers at first did beat the weavers, (between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery) but at last the weavers rallied and beat them. At first the butchers knocked down all for weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised; till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling 100l. for a butcher."

"Come home to dinner, and then to write a letter to the Duke of Albemarle about them, and carried it myself to the Council-chamber; and when they rose, my Lord Chancellor passing by stroked me on the head, and told me that the Board had read my letter, and taken order for the punishing of the watermen for not appearing on board the ships. And so did the King afterwards, who do now know me so well, that he never sees me but he speaks to me about our navy business."

"27th. To Hampton Court, where I saw the King and Queene set out towards Salisbury, and after them the Duke and Duchesse, whose hands I did kiss. And it was the first time I did ever, or did see any body else, kiss her hand, and it was a most fine white and fat hand. But it was pretty to see the young pretty ladies dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps with ribbands, and with laced bands, just like men. Only the Duchesse herself it did not become."

"A Funeral.—"To church, and with the grave-maker chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would, (as his own words were,) "I will juggle them together but I will make room for him; speaking of the fullness of the middle isle, where he was to lie. I dressed myself, and so did my servant Besse; and so to my brothers again: whither, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they come not till four or five. But at last one after another they come, many more than I bid: and my reckoning that I bid was one hundred and twenty;

but I believe there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cosen Joyce Norton kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holding, who was most kind, and did take mighty pains not only in getting the house and every thing else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine and their great content, I think; the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves, in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church, walking out into the street to the Conduit, and so across the street; and had a very good company along with the corps. And being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson,* the minister of the parish, did read the service for buriall: and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave."

In our next we shall insert the full details of a marriage, as an offset to this funeral; and, in the meantime, add a few miscellanies:

"Meeting Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, he told me among other court news, how the Queen is very well again; and that she speaks now very pretty English, and makes her sense out now and then with pretty phrases: as among others this is mightily cried up; that, meaning to say that she did not like such a horse so well as the rest, he being too prancing and full of tricks, she said he did make too much vanity. To the Tennis Court, and there saw the King play at Tennis and others: but to see how the King's play was extolled without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight, though sometimes, indeed, he did play very well and deserved to be commended; but such open flattery is beastly. Afterwards to St. James's Park, seeing people play at Pell Mell; where it pleased me mightily to hear a gallant, lately come from France, swear at one of his companions for suffering his man (a spruce blade) to be so saucy as to strike a ball while his master was playing on the Mall."

"6th. This morning I began a practice which I find by the ease I do it with that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razor: which pleases me mightily."

A good wine cellar, in 1665, is thus described: "At this time I have two tierces of Claret, two quarter casks of Canary, and a smaller vessel of Sack; a vessel of Tent, another of Malaga, and another of white wine, all in my wine cellar together."

A good fortune at the same time:

"I think to take adieu to-day of the London streets. In much the best posture I ever was in in my life, both as to the quantity and the certainty I have of the money I am worth; having most of it in my hand. But then this is a trouble to me what to do with it, being myself this day going to be wholly at Woolwich; but for the present I am resolved to venture it in an iron chest, at least for a while."

"About ten o'clock we rose from table, and sang a song; and so home in two coaches, (Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary and my wife and I in one, and Mercer alone in the other); and after being examined at Aldgate whether we were husbands and wives, home. So to bed mighty sleepy."

"After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Beare-garden; where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs: one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure."

* See our department of Fine Arts for an account of a curious old picture connected with this subject.—Ed.

* Three days before, there is this entry:—"My poor brother Tom died."

We had a great many hectors in the same box with us, (and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman,) where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry. And then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry (my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright,) till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last our businesses being most spent, we in to Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle-grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing, (Mr. Batliers dancing well,) and dressing him, and I, and one Mr. Banister (who with my wife come over also with us) like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jig; and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Pen put on perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Facetiae Cantabrigienses. 12mo. pp. 219. London, 1825. W. Cole.

THIS volume of collected jokes purports to relate to celebrated Cantabs, and therefore if not new wit, it may probably present new combinations. From the multitude of anecdotes, jeux d'esprit, &c. We take our chance of the following, half dozen, not being stale.

"The Post-boy.---Dr. Roger Long, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with Mr. Boufoy, in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement, which in the earnestness of conversation he took to be a boy standing in his way, said hastily, 'Get out of my way, boy!' 'That boy, Sir,' said the doctor very drily, 'is a post-boy, who never turns out of his way for any body.'"

"Absence of mind.---The effect of absence of mind is well exemplified in an incident which happened some time since to a well-known gentleman of Magdalen College, Cambridge. He had taken his watch from his pocket to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for his breakfast, when a friend, entering his room, found him absorbed in some abstruse calculation, with the egg in his hand, upon which he was looking intently, and the watch supplying its place in the saucepan of boiling water."

"Truth versus Politeness.---At a tea-party, where some Cantabs happened to be present, after the dish had been handed round, the lady, who was presiding over the tea equipage, 'hoped the tea was good.' 'Very good, indeed, madam,' was the general reply, till it came to the turn of one of the Cantabs to speak, who, between truth and politeness, shrewdly observed---'That the tea was excellent, but the water was smoky!'"

"I takes em as they come.---A Cantab, one day observing a ragged-looking boy scratching his head at the door of Alderman Purchase, in Cambridge, where he was begging, and thinking to pass a joke upon him, said, 'So, jack, you are picking them out, are you?' 'Nah, sar,' retorted the urchin, 'I takes 'em as they come!'"

"A rare mathematical wind.---The late Professor Vince, one morning (several trees having been blown down the night previous) meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cam-

bridge, was accosted with, 'How d'ye do, sir?' quite a blustering wind this.---'Yes,' answered Vince, 'its a rare mathematical wind.'---'Mathematical wind!' exclaimed the other, 'How so?'---'Why,' replied Vince, it has extracted a great many roots!"

"A delicate compliment.---"Dr. Parr, who, it is well known, was not very partial to the 'thea linensis,' although lauded so warmly by a French writer as 'nostris gratissima musis,' being invited to take tea by a lady, with true classic wit and refined gallantry, uttered the following delicate compliment:---'Non possum tea cum vivere, nec sine te!'"

The Private Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, Lady's Maid to Madame de Pompadour. 12mo. pp. 182. London, 1825. E. Wilson.

PERHAPS the above title page would prepare readers for what they ought to expect from this volume, without a hint of criticism from us. The memoirs of the abigail to the mistress of Louis XV. must indeed be a moral and historical treasure. The London Magazine, which has partly if not entirely published this ribald book says so; and we will not question the decency, truth, or discretion of our contemporary. Our own simple opinion is, that it is a clever translation of what had better have remained in all the impurity of its original French. It is a work of pollution, and unfit for the society of this country.

Faustus: his Life, Death, and Descent into Hell. Translated from the German. 12mo. pp. 251. London, 1825. Simpkin & Marshall.

THIS is another work to which no respectable publisher ought to have allowed his name to be put. The political allusion and metaphysics which may have made it popular among a low class in Germany (if it be so, which we much doubt), do not sufficiently season its lewd scenes and coarse descriptions for British palates. We have occasionally publications for the fireside:—these are only fit for the fire, where morality, decency, and female feelings are valued.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 11th July.

Sitting of the Institute on the 4th.—M. Thenard made a verbal report on the analysis of the mineral waters of Vichy, by M. Longchamp, the first of the series of analyses of the mineral waters of France published by the author. It appears that the springs of Vichy contain a much larger proportion of silica than was imagined. Another observation of the highest importance was made,—that of the progressive decrease of temperature in the springs. In 1750 the temperature of the grand basin was found by academicians deputed to examine it, to be 48 degrees of Reaumur, (140° Fahrenheit); other academicians in 1777 found a lower temperature: in 1820 it was found to be 45° Reaumur (135° 25 Fahr.), and M. Longchamp only found the waters at 44° $\frac{5}{16}$.

The readers of the Literary Gazette will recollect a series of interesting articles by M. Arago, on the temperature of the globe. M. de la Place as appointed, interrogated him on this point on Monday, when he observed that the waters of Carlsbad had not suffered any change in temperature for a much more distant period than 1750; as to those of Vichy, it is probable that the differences have arisen only from the imperfections of the instruments employed, especially those of 1750.

M. Arago communicated a letter from M. Couter, announcing that he was about to start for Siberia to make observations on the magnetic pole, which is supposed to exist in that part of the globe. The author offers to make any observations that the academy may recommend,

Messrs. Ampère, Arago, and La Place, were appointed to confer with him.

M. Pouillet read the second part of his memoir on electricity, developed during chemical action, and on one of the causes of electricity in the atmosphere. In the first part the author has attempted to prove that all chemical combinations disengage electric matter, from whence he concluded that, plants operating combination between the oxygen of the air and carbon, vegetation necessarily becomes a constant source of the electricity furnished to the atmosphere. In the second part he examines whether chemical decompositions do not also disengage the electric fluid. The solution of this question is not a necessary consequence of the preceding one, for the contact of two metals disengages electricity, while nothing of the kind is observable on their separation.

M. Pouillet has particularly attended to the decompositions which are constantly taking place on the surface of the globe, from evaporation. He first examines the effect of simple evaporation, and herein he follows in the steps of Saussure, who made many experiments without any very satisfactory results. M. P. has been more fortunate; sometimes he employed M. de Saussure's apparatus, and sometimes another more convenient, in which the fluid to be evaporated is placed in a vessel of platina, and heated by a machine invented by M. Fresnel, from which he arrived at this result, that perfectly pure water never disengages the least portion of electricity, whether it be evaporated slowly or quickly; but this is not the case when the water is charged with particles of matter foreign to it; and the author gives the result of his experiments on water holding in solution strontian, chalk, and other solid alkalis, and a liquid alkali (ammonia). Those experiments proved, that in whatever proportion an alkali was combined with water, electricity was always disengaged during evaporation, with this difference, that the solid alkalis communicated to the apparatus vitreous electricity and ammonia resinous electricity. Acetic acid, as well as all other acids in a state of purity, do not disengage the slightest degree of electricity in evaporation, while a solution of these same acids in water always disengages electricity; a solution of sulphuric acid one part, and water 99 parts, proves the fact very distinctly.

D. Costa read a memoir on the plague at Barcelona; he is an anti-contagionist, and he offers to have the clothes of a person who died of the yellow fever in the Havannah or elsewhere, hermetically sealed up and sent to France; that he will put them on and wear them at a sitting of the Institute—that learned body smiled, and politely declined such a proof of non-contagion in the yellow fever.

We recollect Dr. Montegre had a similar idea relative to contagion; he went to St. Domingo to prove it,—the same packet brought the news of his arrival and death by contagion.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT AND KALENDAR FOR JULY.

THE weather, though cold at the beginning of the month, has been on the whole highly favourable to the corn crops and agricultural operations. Wheats look particularly well almost every where. Beans are a good crop; oats, in the colder counties, excellent, barley not quite so good; potatoes push boldly, early crops in Kent and Essex are full grown; turnips have come up tolerably. The worst thing is, that the hops are every where a bad crop; the black fly, and, within the last fortnight, the honey-dew, have destroyed the prospects of the growth in

Kent and Surry, and nearly equally so in Worcestershire. Hay round London was never better got in, and the crop is fair; farther from town the clover hay is made, and the meadow hay will soon be finished. We write this while on a tour in Kent, and confess ourselves rather surprised to find the most considerable hay growers here, as well as in Sussex, let their grass stand till the seed is ripe. The disadvantages of this plan have been so well and so often set forth, at agricultural meetings and in books, that we cannot suppose the Kentish farmer ignorant of it; it is more probable they are not convinced of its superiority, or have some counter theory. In Sinclair's excellent work on grapes, the subject is thoroughly investigated, and the result stated, of numerous experiments.

The operations of the month are, chiefly, stirring the soil among green crops, and bringing forward the naked fallows. Subordinate, or local operations, are hay-making, dunging mown lands, draining, liming, clay-burning, and other improvements.

Scientific Notices; abridged, &c. from Brewster's Edinburgh Journal.

Barometers.—Mr. Daniell has found that air insinuates itself into the vacuum of the best made barometers, in time, by creeping up between the mercury and the glass, and that it will insinuate itself between any fluid and any solid, when it has not attraction enough for the former to cause it to wet it. If any gas be confined in a glass jar for a length of time over mercury, it will make its escape, and its place be occupied by atmospheric air; whereas the same gas, if confined by water, will be preserved unmixed. Hence the best made barometers are often studded with air bubbles. The cure which Mr. Daniell has provided for these evils is to weld a narrow ring of platinum to the open end of the tube, which is immersed in the cistern. Boiling mercury amalgamates itself with platinum, and adheres to it when cold, wetting it, but not dissolving it, so that, by this means, the passage of the air is cut off as effectually as if the whole tube were wetted by it.—*Shumacher's Astron. Nachrichten.*

Pectic or Coagulating Acid.—This new acid has been discovered by M. H. Braconnot, and receives its name from *πηκτικόν*, coagulum, in consequence of its resembling a jelly or gum. It is found in all vegetables. It is sensibly acid. It reddens turnsole paper. It is scarcely soluble in cold water, but more so in hot water. It is coagulated into a transparent and colourless jelly by alcohol, by all the metallic solutions, by lime-water, water of barytes, the acids, muriate and sulphate of soda, and nitre, &c. It forms, with potash, a very soluble salt, consisting of 85 parts of lead, and 15 of potash. This salt has the remarkable effect of communicating to large masses of sugar and water the property of gelatinising, which renders it of great use to the confectioner. M. Braconnot, in this way, prepared aromatised jellies, perfectly transparent and colourless, and very agreeable to the taste and the eye. He also made with rose-water, coloured with a little cochineal, rose-jelly of exquisite taste.—*Ann. de Chim.*

Cornish Mines.—Mr. J. Taylor has published a plan for establishing a school of mines in Cornwall. He proposes to have the mines "properly wrought by intelligent and well-instructed miners, and to establish at Redruth three professors, to teach the arts and sciences connected with mining. It is proposed also to collect the necessary funds by a small assessment of a penny per ton on the metals raised from the different mines, and from other sources."

The absurd account of the dissection of a

mummy by Dr. Granville, is copied by Dr. Brewster! This operation, it appears, was performed before the Royal Society, to whose learned members it was demonstrated, that the mummy was that of a female who died in the year 1175 before Christ, (the year before or year after, as Moore would say); that the lady had borne four children, suffered one miscarriage in her third month of gestation, and finally died of an ovarian dropsy, brought on, it is supposed, by having eaten the white of a crocodile's egg, not sufficiently cooked! This dissection is expected to throw great light on the question of the Gardener Peerage!!!

Poisonous Effect of White Bread upon Dogs.—Dr. Magendie is said to have found, that when he fed dogs with white bread and water, they all died within 50 days. When the bran was left in the bread, no bad effects ensued. What an enemy to dogs is this Dr. Magendie?

Among the latest Scottish patents, we observe one for "a new composition of malt and hops."—Is it a new drink?

TOMBUCTOU.

In a sitting of the Central Commission of the Geographical Society of Paris, on the 3d of December, 1824, an anonymous gift of a thousand francs (about 40*l.* sterling,) was announced to be offered as a reward to the first traveller who should penetrate to Tombuctou, by way of Senegal, and fulfil the following conditions, viz.

"To produce, first, positive and exact observations as to the position of that town, the course of the neighbouring rivers, and the commerce of which it is the centre; secondly, the most satisfactory and precise information with respect to the country comprehended between Tombuctou and Lake Tsad, as well as to the direction and height of the mountains which form the basin of Soudan." As soon as he became acquainted with this offer, Count Orloff consented that the gift of a thousand francs, which he had made to the Society on the 26th of November, 1824, for the encouragement of geographical discoveries, should be devoted to the same purpose.

Having been informed of the object of these gifts, the Count Chabrol de Crousol, on the 15th of December following, subscribed a thousand francs for the same purpose, in the name of the Administration of the Marine. By a letter dated in January last, the Baron de Damas subscribed two thousand francs in the name of the administration for foreign affairs; and by another letter, dated the 19th of March, the Count de Corbière subscribed a thousand francs in the name of the administration of the Interior. Several other subscriptions took place for the same purpose.

The Geographical Society, entrusted with the adjudication of these rewards, and desirous to share in the encouragement of so important a discovery, has resolved to offer besides a gold medal of the value of two thousand francs to the traveller who, independently of the conditions already mentioned, shall perform as far as possible, the following:—

"The Society requires a manuscript narrative, with a geographical map, founded on celestial observations. The author will study the country with a view to the various objects of physical geography. He will observe the nature of the soil, the depth of the wells, their temperature, and that of the springs; the size and rapidity of the rivers, the colour and clearness of their waters, and the productions of the countries which they irrigate. He will make his remarks on the climate, and, if possible, he will determine in different places the inclination of the compass. He will endeavour to notice the breeds of ani-

mals, and to make some collections in natural history, especially of fossils, shells, and plants.

"When he has arrived at Tombuctou, if he can advance no farther, he will obtain information as to the roads which lead to Kachnah, to Kaoussa, to Bourmou and Lake Tsad, to Walet, to Tisshit, and even to the coast of Guinea. He will collect the most exact itineraries that he can procure. He will consult the best informed inhabitants with regard to that part of the course of the Dialliba which he may be unable to see himself.

"In observing the people, he will carefully examine their manners, their ceremonies, their costumes, their arms, their laws, their religion, their food, the colour of their skin, the shape of their faces, the nature of their hair, &c. as also the different objects of their trade. It is desirable that he should form vocabularies of their idioms, compared with the French language; and, finally, that he sketch the details of their dwellings, and draw plans of their towns wherever he may be able to do so."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 8.—On Tuesday last, being Commencement Day, the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:—

Doctors in Divinity.—The Rev. J. Walton, Trin. coll.; the Rev. R. Jefferson and the Rev. J. R. Buckland, Fellows of Sidney Sussex coll.; the Rev. J. Donne, of St. John's coll.; the Rev. W. J. Barford, Christ coll.; the Rev. R. S. Joynes, Catherine hall; the Rev. C. Tripp, Trin. coll.; the Rev. A. S. Wade, of St. John's coll.

Doctor in Civil Law.—The Rev. J. G. Wrench, of Trin. hall.

Doctors in Physic.—T. Watson, Fellow of St. John's coll.; G. L. Roupell, R. P. Smith, L. W. Lambie, and J. Spurgin, Caius coll.

Doctors in Music.—E. Hodges, Sidney Sussex coll.

Masters of Arts.—Trinity College.—C. A. Campbell, W. Thompson, P. T. Hicks, E. C. Kindersley, W. J. Alexander, W. Clavering, J. S. Eginton, G. McClear, J. H. Stephenson, H. Malden, E. Ware, G. Pitt, J. Everett, F. T. Pratt, T. Nash, G. Long, G. Farley, I. Robley, W. H. F. Talbot, S. P. White, J. H. Steward, J. W. Hamilton, J. H. Hamilton, R. Perry, C. H. Bennett, R. Richards, W. Frengere, J. P. Wilmet, A. H. Duthie, R. C. W. Wilkinson, G. Taylor, T. R. Allan, E. J. Lloyd, J. M. Norman, W. G. Thomas, T. B. Macaulay, W. C. Leach, H. R. Reynolds, Jun., J. Pratt, E. Miller, and H. S. Thornton.

St. Peter's College.—J. Hanbury, F. Sygne, R. V. Law, J. C. Gordon, W. Davenport, G. B. Paley, J. Adcock, E. T. Alder, A. W. Scott, G. C. Cardale, and C. Gape.

Christ's College.—J. Newsam, E. R. Earle, R. Lascelles, G. S. Porter, W. Edwards, E. G. Blyth, P. Blackburn, E. Gould, C. S. Royle, W. Bellas, P. Heywood, T. Baker, and C. J. Taylor.

Catherine's College.—G. B. Russel, B. Dudding, M. Terrington, G. Fisher, J. Nassey, C. Birch, and J. Harris.

Queen's College.—T. Newcome, J. R. Hartley, A. Stapleton, E. Gray, T. Bates, H. Farish, W. Mousley, C. W. Henning, and F. de Veil Williams.

Clare College.—E. W. Oldacre, J. Haggitt, T. Heath, J. Harris, T. S. Cobbold, R. Ward, R. Leicester, S. S. B. Whalley, T. C. Thornton, J. Collyer, and R. M. White.

Corpus Christi College.—W. Handwick, E. B. Freer, E. H. Gooch, J. Driver, T. Philpott, C. H. Browne, T. Raven, G. Graves, M. Peacock, G. H. Hughes, A. C. J. Wallace, E. H. Snood, R. Wood, and J. R. Roper.

Pembroke College.—J. R. Allen, T. Harvey, J. Ion, J. Alderson, R. Williams, J. R. Campbell, J. Warburton, G. J. Brookes, C. P. Hyde, C. H. Wybergh, J. P. Head, and A. Trollope.

St. John's College.—W. E. Chapman, E. Daniel, G. Best, N. R. Calvert, L. Jenyns, E. A. Giraud, J. Birkett, J. Taylor, C. G. R. Festing, C. B. Clough, W. Turner, T. G. Farr, H. Locking, J. Clay, W. Lockett, W. C. Smith, J. W. Huntley, T. Dixon, P. Fenn, W. H. Bull, E. Storer, R. Hutchinson, W. Williams, F. Ffolliott, E. Silvester, W. M. Pierce, J. H. M. Luxmore, V. Green, R. Jarrett, J. Jarrett, J. Winn, N. Colville, W. Vaughan, C. Collins, E. Sydney, W. J. Cole, J. B. Magenis, R. Earle, W. H. C. Grey, G. Gaze, H. Thompson, H. Schneider, C. E. Kenaway, G. Heberden, T. H. Villiers, L. Peel, and H. Henderson.

Sidney College.—J. W. Butt, W. Williamson, S. Charlton, G. Stone, and W. Collett.

Emmanuel College.—T. Mason, H. Salmon, W. Hyde, A. T. Drake, W. C. Gore, D. Hoste, T. W. Whitaker, and R. Tinkler.

Jesus College.—W. J. Hutchinson, W. C. Walters, R. Gorton, J. Greenwood, and J. Fendall.

Caius College.—H. Holditch, J. T. Burt, G. H. H. Hutchinson, G. M. Fowke, J. P. Reynolds, and B. K. Dawson.

Magdalen College.—J. Gisborne, J. Husband, C. Turner, and J. H. J. Chichester.
King's College.—H. Hannington, R. S. Battiscombe, and R. Okes.

Trinity Hall.—H. L. Dillon.
 On Saturday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. N. D. Start, Christ coll. and Rev. W. W. Greenway, Trinity hall.
Licentiate in Physic.—H. Atcheson, Esq. M. B. Jesus coll.

Bachelors in Physic.—J. Stanton, Esq. Caius coll.; H. J. H. Bond, Esq. Corpus Christi; and R. Hobson, Esq. Queen's coll.

On the same day, the Rev. J. Harris, M. A. and F. Casson, B. A. of Trinity college, Dublin, were admitted *ad eundem* of this university.

On Monday last, the Rev. C. R. Sumner, of Trinity college, Prebendary of Canterbury, was created D. D. by royal mandate.

On the same day, the Rev. T. J. T. Salusbury, of Trinity hall, was admitted Bachelor in Civil Law.

At a congregation yesterday, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. G. B. Tason, Trinity hall.

Masters of Arts.—R. B. Radcliffe, Fellow of King's coll.; H. Edmonds, St. John's coll.; Rev. G. Norman, St. Peter's coll.

Bachelor of Arts.—A. J. L. Cawie, St. John's coll.

At the same congregation the following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem*:—

The Rev. E. J. Burrow, D. D. of Trinity coll. Oxford; C. Price, M. D. late Fellow of Wadham coll. Oxford; The Rev. T. R. Wrench, M. A. of Queen's coll. Oxford; and H. Smalley, Esq. M. A. Oxford.

FINE ARTS.

LAW: "LEGAL ILLUSTRATIONS."

Nos. I. and II., drawn and etched by T. Lane. Published by Arnold, Tavistock-street.

MR PERL has begun to simplify our law system, and, with the best of intentions, has brought forward measures, which, being followed up, must lead to beneficial results. The improvement is in good hands; but, after all, there is really nothing new under the sun. The eccentric late Lord Stanhope, with his head as full of projects as his droll wig was full of his head, strongly advocated the simplification of the statutes; and even so long ago as the time of the Second Charles, we find the precise Pepys recording—

April 25th, 1666. He tells us: "I to the office, where Mr. Prin come to meet about the Chest-business; and till company come, did discourse with me a good while in the garden about the laws of England, telling me the main faults in them; and among others, their obscurity through multitude of long statutes, which he is about to abstract out of all of a sort; and as he lives, and Parliaments come, get them put into laws, and the other statutes repealed, and then it will be a short work to know the law."

These grave remarks, however, have little to do with the subject before us—to wit, two plates of figures, slightly etched, under the above title, and comprehending some fifty or sixty witticisms upon legal terms. The first is a party in a ball-room, and the second a party at table: the figures are numbered, and the references to these numbers explain the humour of the characteristic designs. Thus, for example, 10 represents a lady with her dress torn, in consequence of a waltzer treading on her train; and the law definition is, "rent in arrear;" while her countenance expresses (11) "distress infinite." A gentleman ringing the bell is (12) "tolling an entry." The clock at near three o'clock, is "notice to quit;" the servant stirring the fire, is a "call to the bar;" a nursery-maid with children, is "custos brevium;" and the company retiring, is, "the general issue." The second plate is equally amusing and ingenious: a fellow scratching his head makes "tenants in capite;" ending of a disagreeable dish, and holding one's

nose, is "attaint;" pocketing a bottle secretly, "mean process;" a servant taking away a plate, "conveyance by livery;" cutting into a pie, "breaking and entering;" and carrying a chair, "gaining a settlement;" &c.

Upon the whole, this is a whimsical idea, and the execution displays considerable humour in the details. Those who understand law phraseology best, will probably be most entertained with the personifications, but there are anew to be understood generally, and please the common observer; and we commend the publication for the portfolios which while away the tedious half-hour before dinner.

PICTURE OF CHARLES II. AT THE HAGUE.

In a note attached to our Review of Pepys' Diary, we have alluded to a picture of that date: it was picked up at Walcheren, and is now in the possession of Mr. Henry Smart, of Tichbourne-street. This production is a curious and interesting illustration of the period, representing Charles II. dancing at a ball, at the Hague (A.D. 1660), and containing nearly a hundred portraits of the distinguished persons who surrounded him when about to be restored to his throne. This was probably one of the entertainments mentioned by Pepys, as having been given to the King previous to his embarkation. He is exhibited in the costume of the time, walking a minuet with the Queen of Bohemia; and among the company we recognise his brother James, Mary Princess of Orange and her son William (a child), Killegrew, de Witt, and many other conspicuous characters. The figures are about twenty inches in height; and well disposed for a composition in which such numbers are arranged, in various attitudes which bespeak the easy manners of the then courtly circles. Altogether it is a valuable historical document, and well worth inspection by the lovers of art.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

As Cupid was sportively playing one day,
 (Upon the green turf he his arrows had laid,)
 An innocent damsel was passing that way,
 And to view his odd gambols her footsteps she stay'd.

With pleasure she gazed on the beautiful boy,
 Nor thought, nor perhaps had e'er heard, of his name;

Then nearer approaching, caressed him with joy,
 And who can aver that the maid was to blame.
 The god seemed delighted, and long they had play'd,

But at length, growing weary, he seized on his dart,

And catching a moment, unseen by the maid,
 He aimed it with skill, and it lodged in her heart.

Tho' simple the story, yet from it we prove,
 They are sure to be wounded who trifle with love.

ON BEING CENSURED FOR SLIGHTING A BEAUTIFUL BUT BAD TEMPERED WOMAN.

AND what is the delicate hue of the skin,
 Where the rose and the lily contest;
 Excepting good humour is sent within,
 And harmony dwell in the breast?

And what is the beautiful shade of an eye,
 If in it's bright beam we can trace
 No gleam of that sunshine, which none can deny
 Is of beauty the soul and the grace?

No, give me the woman I still can admire,
 When youthful attractions are flown,

Who, when Time in his flight shall have borne off
 Desire,

Yet still can keep Love on his throne.

J. A. B.

SONNET

On the Regent's Park.

About a stone's throw from Marybone church,
 The fields to Primrose-hill have grown so prim;
 That new-road sparrows go to peck and perch,
 And chirrup there in praise of modern whim.
 Hail, Regent's Park, new-baptiz'd land around!
 Since fate 'rased Welling's farm, and these,
 Jew's-harp:

Tell me, O Lord, why too thy cricket ground
 Had not its inning,—did you look out sharp?
 Ah, me! these changes put me in a tiff;

For where I lounged at ease—spread out my
 victuals,

Called for my ale, and puff'd my musing whiff,
 And shook my sultan head o'er games of
 skittles,

Is perch'd a cot with weathercock at top,
 But telling my thirsty soul when breezes chop.
 E. B.

THE CASUISTS.*

Once on a time, in Italy,
 An Englishman went dead;
 To lay him, straight in holy ground, was application
 made:

To which effect upon the priest a friend demurely waited,
 And there an argument took place, which I have here
 translated—

Right faithfully and wittily.

"Sancta Maria," said the padre, "lay
 Dust of a heretic among the clay
 Of those who died in holy church—
 By Luther and Geneva John untainted,
 Clear'd out of limbo, all fit to be sainted!
 Such an indulgence kingdoms could not purch—
 Ase; prayers and penance could not do away
 The foul reproach.

How in St. Peter could we henceforth cherish
 The slightest hope to suffer our approach—
 He'd slam the gates of Heav'n against the pariah!
 No no, milor Inglesse,

You'll plant your friend else where, if so it please
 ye."

"Now," said the other, "will you deign to hear
 What happen'd once, when I interr'd my cousin?"
 "With great delight, sir, if it were a dozen."

"Sir, you're exceeding kind."—"Sir, I'm sincere."

"Then, sir, a case in point, I trust you'll see.
 The sacred ceremony o'er in church,
 When moving out, the priest was suddenly
 Arrested, by a woman in the porch,
 Who frantic cried—For shame! mind what you do!
 You, who are paid to give poor people learning,
 To know no more than does a goose, concerning
 The dangerous trick you're now about to play!
 The small-pox have been raging many a day,
 Both wide and fatal too;

And 'tis my duty, as the widow'd wife
 Of one who never had them in his life,
 To hinder you from laying those that died of 'em
 In this preposterous manner by the side of him.

Cosmo.

* An old joke, however.—Ed.

MUSIC.

Spontini's new Opera, Alcidor.

ONE of the last numbers of the Berlin Musical Gazette exalts this latest production of the Borusso-Italian Chapel-master, which he composed for the occasion of the marriage of the Prussian princess Louisa with the prince of the Netherlands, in a long strain of unmeasured eulogies. The writer, however, praises it not so much as the finest composition ever heard, but rather as the most splendid spectacle ever seen; and, comparing it with Mozart's Magic Flute, which, by the by, the same writer is pleased to style an infantine (Kindlich) work, he says: "this (i. e. the Magic Flute) would appear but a very diminutive affair by the side of the spectacle which

the Opera Alcior presents to our eye. All that was done" (he continues) "in the way of beautiful and splendid scenery, when the Operas Olympia and Numahal were brought out here, (in Berlin,) has been far exceeded by Alcior. In lieu of the all-admired groves, landscapes, saloons, and temples of the foresaid Operas, in this one are exhibited golden palaces, and gardens, and, to crown the whole, an aerial palace, (Luftpallast,) with columns of condensed air and vivid fire, with ceilings beaming with diamonds and other precious stones. As to the composition we cannot help remarking, that probably, no other music in existence, except that of Spontini, would have borne such a mass of innumerable and incredibly dazzling decorations, such a host of magnificent and pompous figures in processions, dances, &c.

"If the ear was at all to receive a proportionate impression to that of the eye, it was not only necessary to employ the whole strength of the orchestra, and of the vocal choruses, but the composition must be originally disposed, even in greater masses than is usual with Spontini." Now the unbearable noise of drums, trumpets, &c. in his Opera Olympia is quite proverbial, and Alcior surpassing it in this respect, the reader may conceive what sort of music it must be.

Metall-harmonicon.—The ingenious L. Mälz, of automaton celebrity, has again invented, as we learn from the Vienna Theatrical Journal, a new musical instrument, which performs, solely by the power of its internal mechanism, various pieces of music upon the grandest scale. He has named it Metall-harmonicon, and though the construction of all its vital parts, if we may say so, is probably kept a profound secret, it is, nevertheless, known, that it consists of fifty horns, trombones, trumpets, clarinets, and of two kettle-drums. Among the pieces it plays, is stated to be particularly effective, a grand Roman triumphal march, and a divertimento in the English style, wherein all the instruments combine, and, as the German writer says, swell up into a grand stream of sounds. (Touström).

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

We have this week copied only a few further entries from the Dumfries Covenanters' Session-records, as affording curious indications of the manners of the age; and shall anon return to the subject more at length.

"1648. March 13. John Hastie, for adultery, is ordered to pay one hundred merks to the poor, and stand six days in sack cloth; whereof the first and last sabbaths he is to stand barefooted at the kirk door; and from thence to go to the pillar!

"March 20. Janet McKie for slandering Janet Ewart, by calling the said Janet, *Ringwoodie witch*: the session, all in one voice, ordains the said Janet to be taken presently to the Trone, and there stand for the space of one hour, with the chain about her middle, and thereafter acknowledge her *heinous offence*.

"April 24. Marg. Hanston, for slandering Jean Maxwell, spouse to Roger Kirkpatrick, *baillie*, by uttering sundry base and scurrilous speeches, is ordained to acknowledge her *horrid offence*, from the place of repentance, and pay ten dollars to the poor. Provided always, that in case the said Margaret shall prevail so far at the hands of the party offended, as that she shall be pleased to some milder censure, the session, upon her desire, will allay and mitigate their sentence."

[This entry is remarkable for two points; first, the severity of the fine inflicted, and the reference of the punishment to the feelings of the

individual offended, as is now often done by despot governments in Asia.]

Sunday, Dec. 19. The session resenting the slackness and remissness of sundry of their members in not attending the ordinary diets for exercising of kirk discipline, have ordained that henceforth whatsoever person shall be negligent or careless in not observing their duty shall pay for the first day's absence one shilling; for the second, half a crown; for the third, a public rebuke; and for the fourth, summar(y) deprivation. This act is always conceived not to militate against any of the foresaid members who have necessary occasions of diversions abroad; or visited by sickness, or such like.

"Persons setting houses to idle or scandalous persons, or *sogers* in the late unlawful engagement, shall be convened and punished.

"Dec. 22. It is ordained that all persons or souldiers, who willingly did embark in the late unlawful engagement, shall forthwith depart this towne and parish, under pain of ecclesiastical censures. It is also ordained that whatsoever delinquent, being convened as guilty of this offence, and yet obstinately denies the same, shall make public satisfaction, for this denial; bye and attour due repentance for his sin.

"The children and heirs of paupers receiving parish charity are not to inherit any property they may have; but the same is to accress to the succeeding indigent poor." [A regulation not unworthy of revival, as affecting the distribution of our own poor rates, when we hear of beggars dying possessed of large sums of money.]

Dec. 29. The Session *resenting the great dishonour done to the Lord by sundry persons in this Burgh, in the height of their cups*, not only abusing the creature to excess of ryot, through drinking of Healths, but likewise by calling the drummer to beat the drum to them at every Health (as they sinistrously term it), do henceforth discharge the drummer to answer any persons whatsoever, in such *ungodly demand*, under pain of inflicting upon him the sharpest measure of kirk discipline, and extruding him from his place withall." [This is very characteristic.]

"Nicolas Greir and Marion Brown for habitual drinking of *hot waters*, to be summoned.

"John Rue for slandering James McKune, calling him a 'base Puritan fellow,' is to acknowledge his offence publicly, from his seat.

"1649. Country people noticed for 'resorting to the Mercal, and belching forth horrid oaths and imprecations, renting the name of God asunder, are to be delivered over to the Session for deserved measure of punishment.

"The minister is to intimate, that whatsoever person in this towne shall shut their doors when any Elder or Deacon shall come to search their house, shall be reputed and holden as dis-haunters of the public meetings, and punished accordingly.

"Margaret Black, for cursing her husband, to sit two days in the pillar.

"By appointment of the Session, several of their members are to revise the roll of the idle persons in the towne, and report their diligence next week.

"April 29. Marion Hannay, standing in the pillar in sackcloth, is absolved from the sin of adultery, &c.

"James Thomson, *sword-sharper*, to be rebuked for ordinary cursing.

"Thursday, June 21. Anent the humble desire of Mr. John Corsane, late provost, to be admitted and received into the covenant: the members of the Session never heretofore being acquainted with the nature of his suit, have found it expedient that he be turned over to the

presbytery, as the most fitting and competent judges for clearing his carnage.

"August 23. James Miflat and James Wilson, to search next Wednesday, for cursers.

"November 1. Compared Mary Maxwell, Lady Middlebie, who for constant disaunting the Kirk, was sharply rebuked before the Session; and in the fear of God exhorted to frequent the congregation in time coming. With certification, if she shall be slack and remiss in this duty, she shall be laid under excommunication.

"John McLean is to be taken into the covenant on Sunday, in relation to his often supplication." [many other entries of the same kind; and finally the minister is to summon all who have not taken the covenant.]

"Drinking in any alehouse or tavern after 10 o'clock at night, forbidden under the penalty of ecclesiastical censures.

"January 1650. The minister is to intimate to the congregation on Sunday, that what delations any persons have against such as are under the suspicion of the heinous and abominable sin of witchcraft, that they be ready to give the same to the Session immediately.

"17th. The minister is to intimate that whosoever person shall brand any man or woman with the common upcast of witchcraft, unless they have pregnant and warranted grounds, shall have the sharpest kirk discipline."

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This subject, of which we have given a brief but faithful extract, cannot surely fail of success. M. Rosa, whose fertile brain has hatched this wonderful scheme, is a fifth or sixth rate Paris bookseller, who keeps a small shop in the Palais Royal. He sent his son out to Mexico with a quantity of books, about three years ago: he says they netted cent. per cent. He has expected his son home more than twelve months, but neither his son nor the cent. per cent. are in a hurry to make their appearance. His son's letters gave such a flaming account of his success, that *Papa Rosa* got a large quantity of books printed for the same market, which, however, for reasons best known to himself, he does not consign to young *Rosa-bud*: perhaps his conscience will not allow him to engross the monopoly of teaching twenty millions their A B C. So he generously offers to share his monopoly with the English, for which he only modestly asks £5000 for his plan; to pay him £2000 for his Spanish books, that he cannot get off his hands at any price; to pay him, besides, 5 per cent. on the net profits. We should not have thought it too much had he demanded 95 per cent. on the profits, as the amount would be no more than 5 per cent. And to conclude, he is to establish printing offices at Paris and Brussels; he is to pay the translators, buy the paper, and print all the books for the company!

Countrymen, out with your purses; and London booksellers subscribe for a cargo of *Roses*. M. Rosa will be in London by the time this meets your eye, ready to ease you of your loose cash, and grant you all hawkers and pedlars' licences in South America.

If we had not Rosa's printed prospectus before us, we should not have been able to conceive so impudent an attempt on English gullibility.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN

On Monday, *The Coronation of the King of France*, was brought out at this Theatre with very great splendour, and with a promise of something like success. The ceremony, as at the other house, is introduced by what is called "a local sketch," and this part of the business, which occupies the first act, contains a portion of the "Ramsbottom Adventures," as they have

appeared in a popular Journal (*The John Bull*). There is little or no plot in this dramatic morceau; but all the individuals of the party having a particular purpose of their own to fulfil, and a joke of their own to play off in addition to the main object, which is to see the show; the stage is kept in a continual bustle, and if the audience be not entertained with much novelty, there is at the same time nothing to weary or disgust them. The scene opens at Calais; and the arrival of the steamer presents to us the various characters in quick succession. The father of the family is astonished at every thing he sees, and asks every body he meets to dine with him in "Montague Place, Russell Square." This is the joke the author has put into his mouth. His wife, Mrs. Ram, as she is facetiously denominated, who acts as interpreter to the whole, makes all sorts of absurd blunders in French and English, and this is her joke. Mr. Daffodil, a modern exquisite, one of the admirers of Miss Ram, and his servant *Ruse*, have likewise their little bit of fun; that of the former is "never to have heard of such a place as Russell-square," and the latter amuses himself, by false representations to the police, with throwing the Rams into a variety of difficulties. There are also in addition to these personages a Mr. Philander Postscript, a tourist, who like many of his tribe having no joke of his own, steals one from Sterne; and an Irish half-pay Captain, who distances all his rivals by obtaining possession of the beautiful *Lavinia* and her ample fortune. The second act opens with a view of the outside of the cathedral at Rheims, and here we are favoured with the grand procession, in which all the company without exception bear a part.

"Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold and lawn,"
succeed each other in great abundance, and to add to the effect the principal ladies of the establishment, most splendidly attired, march at intervals amongst the throng of nobles, and all proceed over a platform, most ingeniously contrived, to their respective stations in the church. The interior of the building is then displayed (a truly magnificent and dazzling spectacle), in which the ceremonies, something abbreviated, are gone through, and the whole concludes with the return to Paris, and a brilliant display of fire-works in the garden of the Tuileries. The performance was received with acclamations, and we dare say it conveys a very correct idea of the thing itself, but after having seen both the coronations one thing we think cannot fail to excite the surprise of the spectator. The managers of each theatre have announced that the scenes, the dresses, and the decorations have all been copied by persons who were on the spot, and yet notwithstanding this boasted accuracy, the principal scene of the one house is strikingly dissimilar to that of the other in more respects than one, and the dresses, with the exception of the king's morning gown, not only differ in colour, but even shape and make. Which is the "real Simon Pure" we cannot say. Perhaps Messieurs le Cointe, D'Hetoffe, and Zimmerman, on the one part, and Monsieur le Baron de la Ferte on the other, will condescend to settle this matter between them, and enlighten us in this important and apparently inexplicable dilemma.

VARIETIES.

A new farce was produced on Thursday at the Haymarket Theatre: too late for our notice.

Madame Catalani is too ill at Paris to finish her concerts.

A commission has been nominated to investigate the MSS. in the State Paper Office: Mr. Lemon, the indefatigable Deputy Keeper, is appointed Secretary.

The newspapers contain a flaming account of the coronation of the King of Otaheite: perhaps a reference to our review of Matthison may induce a belief that it was not so grand as that of Charles X.

French Manufacturers.—A flock of long and fine woolled English sheep has recently been introduced into France, under the patronage of the King, by an Englishman of the name of Calvert, settled near Rouen. The French journals are full of the benefits which their manufactures are expected to reap from this importation, in addition to the Merinos naturalized during the reign of Louis XVI.

ANECDOTES.—General Donnadieu was caned on the Boulevards by Col. Deschamps, the General did not call out his enemy, which occasioned the application of epithets easily guessed at. "Why?" said Madame Gay, "why blame poor Donnadieu, for not noticing what passes behind his back."

Suffocation of Two Hundred French Prisoners. To give a suitable eclat to the *sacre* of Charles X. six hundred prisoners were sent from Paris to Rheims in iron cages, to be set at liberty the moment the king was enthroned. By the neglect of proper precautions two hundred of them were suffocated, and died before they reached Rheims, when, shocking to relate, their bodies were thrown to the road side unburied, a prey to animals, and a shocking monument of French want of feeling; it is said, but we do not pledge ourselves, for the fact, that the king himself expressed little or no concern on being informed of the melancholy fate of so many captives. No friend of humanity will surely consider the interest such a circumstance naturally must inspire at all lessened on being informed that these poor victims were so many—sparrows.

FRENCH DISCOVERIES.

THE French is certainly the most unfortunate nation in the world: it invents every thing which the cunning rogues, the English, unmercifully appropriate as their own. It is very well known, in France, that Leibnitz invented fluxions not Newton; that (I forget his name) invented logarithms, and not Napier; that the vaccine was discovered by a physician at Montpellier, long before Jenner was heard of; that the Lancaster system of education was discovered by the Chavaliere Paulett, before the revolution; that Lerebours invented achromatic telescopes, and not Dollond; steam-boats, too, were first invented in France, by (I forget whom); even Sir H. Davy is contested the invention of the safety lamp; and the Technological Dictionary now in the course of publication, has a very long article to prove that Brookman and Langdon stole the secret of their pencils from a Frenchman of the name of Conti, who described it in 1803. Their proofs are of the same kind as those of the Frenchman who declared himself the inventor of the kaleidoscope, and that Dr. Brewster was a cheat and an impostor. The great misfortune is, that no one ever hears of these inventions until the cunning English put them in practice; the French then think it time to put in their claims, and French vanity, at least, is satisfied. We called on a gentleman the other day who was shaving with a bad razor, so that he was obliged to put his chin into a scrape half a dozen times before he could get the beard off. We asked him why he used a bad French razor when good English ones were to be had so easily? He triumphantly exclaimed, with the tears streaming from his eyes—"Because, sir, I am a Frenchman and a patriot, and I will never encourage the introduction of foreign manufactures."—From our Paris Correspondent.

ANTIQUITIES.

Palermo, May 16, 1825.—Some workmen, employed in making a new road without the walls of the city of Syracuse, as they were digging in the Isthmus of Ortigia, next to Acradina, on the spot often mentioned by Cicero in his Orations against Verres, by the name of Forum Maximum, Pulcherrime Portus, &c. found two male statues, habited in the toga and pallium; they are of Parian marble, and of one piece. The first is six palms from the shoulder to the edge of the garment, the other rather more than three palms from the neck to the thighs. The heads, feet, and hands are wanting. They are of Greek workmanship, and worthy of the best age of the arts.

At the same place a torso was found, which, measuring only 3 palms, must have belonged to a smaller figure. They have been placed in the museum at Syracuse.

EPIGRAMS.

Praise of a Lady's grey hair.

Thy age has chang'd thee—late so fair,
I love thee ne'er the worse;
For when he took thy golden hair,
He fill'd with gold thy purse.

Ah, who would envy Tom his sense,
And scorn his neighbour's riches?
Since lordly fools abound in penury,
And wits wear ragged b... . es.

On a Naisy Fellow.

Will—both his time and tongue employs,
In emptiness and riot;

'Tis thus—the shallow make a noise,
The deep alone are quiet.

To ———.

Nature detests a vacuum it is said,
Then why did Nature form thy empty head?

S. L.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Tales of the Crusades.—We are assured, from a quarter which leaves not the slightest doubt of the fact, that we were mistaken in our conjectural criticism of the Betrothed and the Talsman being (possibly) by different hands. Both tales are unquestionably by the author of Waverley.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Waucho's Sermons, 8vo. 6s. 10s. 6d.—Rennie's Observations on Gout, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Tytler's Elements of General History, 2 vols. 8vo. ninth edition, 18s.—Clayton's Sketches in Biography, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Duty and Advantage of Early Rising, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Cedrick's Anecdotes from Plutarch, crown 8vo. 6s.—Notes to assist the Memory in the various Sciences, folio, 5s. 6d.—Napoleon's Anecdotes, 3 vols. 18mo. 18s.—Prinsep's Political and Military Transactions in India, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.—Milton on Christian Doctrine, demy 4to. 2s. 10s.; royal 4to. 3s. 6s. Do. Latin, demy 4to. 2s. 10s.; royal 4to. 3s. 6s.—The Art of Improving the Voice and the Ear, post 8vo. 8s.—The Art of Præserving the Hair, post 8vo. 7s.—Aspland's Sermon on the Death of Dr. A. Rees, and the Address delivered over the body, by Dr. T. Rees, 8vo. sewed, 2s.—Bennett's Short Hand Exercises, 12mo. 2s.—The Youth's best Friend, 12mo. 2nd edition, 1s. 6d.—Conversations on Botany, 12mo. 3th edition, 7s. 6d.—Coloured, 12s.—Kemp's Historical Notices of the Collegiate Church, St. Martin-le-Grand, London, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the notice of John Fitzwilliam Thist Hemsworth, resident in Warwick gad, which we have received from Mr. Newberry, secretary to the dealers in newspapers, and describing him as having fraudulently obtained journals to a considerable amount. The same person was exhibited in the character of a general swindler, in the Times newspaper of June 24th; and it is strange that, after such an exposition, any tradesman could be made a dupe.

Does T. Clere Smith think it was worth two-pence to us, to be informed that Agnes Somebody intended to

publish a volume of poems? If the same judgment is displayed in that production, as in sending such a communication by post, unpaid, we may expect little good of it.

Mr. Malo sends us too many notices of new inventions. We cannot hold out the encouragement required by S. W.

If N. N. had any merit, it must have been under the bit of a wafer where his MS. was defaced.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 30	from 51 to 68	29.70 to 29.68
Friday, July 1	53 to 67	29.95 to stat.
Saturday 2	49 to 70	30.03 to 30.10
Sunday 3	42 to 72	30.10 to 30.08
Monday 4	52 to 74	30.09 to 30.14
Tuesday 5	50 to 70	30.20 to 30.23
Wednesday 6	55 to 64	30.08 to 30.02

Prevailing wind N.W. Alternately clear and cloudy; a little rain. Rain falls, .925 of an inch.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 7	from 47 to 62	30.00 to stat.
Friday 8	53 to 67	29.95 to stat.
Saturday 9	51 to 69	29.96 to stat.
Sunday 10	45 to 72	29.94 to 29.90
Monday 11	49 to 76	29.92 to 29.90
Tuesday 12	45 to 80	29.95 to stat.
Wednesday 13	54 to 82	30.03 to stat.

Wind variable; generally cloudy, till the 10th; a little rain on the morning of the 9th; since, generally clear.—Rain fallen, 1.25 of an inch.

A remarkably strong Parhelion formed to the south of the Sun on the morning of the 13th, from 8 to 9.—The spots at present traversing the Sun's disc form an interesting telescopic appearance.

Edinburgh.

C. H. ADAMS.

Erratum, p. 444, 2col. In the notice of Mr. Beechey's picture, for Lady Lawn, read Lady Lacon.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. VII. was published on Monday last, and contains as follows:—

I. Bacon's Edition of Freytag's Chronicle.—II. The British Code of Duels.—III. Blanche Voyage on Angkor.—IV. System of Phonetic Hieroglyphics.—Dr. Young and M. Champollion.—V. Lab. Abusus, Fledging.—VI. McCulloch's Disquisitions on Political Economy.—VII. Dr. Henderson's History of Ancient and Modern Wines. Topography of all the known Vineyards.—VIII. Wright's Solution of the Cambridge Problems.—IX. Present System of Education.—X. Kellie's Fabler.—XI. Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht.—XII. Periodical Literature: 1. Edinburgh Review; 2. Quarterly Review; 3. Articles on Classical Literature.

London: printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

* The Eighth Number will be published in October.

THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL, No. LXII. Containing a Variety of Classical, Biblical, and Oriental Literature. Published Quarterly.

Contents:—Observations on the Phædo of Plato.—On the Greek and Latin Languages.—Hades: the condition of the Soul immediately after Death, &c.—Subjects for Theses, Essays, Disquisitions, and Verses, for general use in Schools and Universities.—The Anglo-Saxon Church.—Literæ quædam lædite ex Antiquis scriptis.—Notes on the Vespers of Aristophanes.—On the Life and Writings of Cassim.—Biblical Criticism.—A. Conelli Plantarum. Libri VI.—On the Nature and Efficacy of Imitative Verification.—Classical Literature.—Unpublished Notes on Strabo, by Cluverius.—Necrology: the late Dr. Parr.—Adversaria Literaria.—Oxford English Prize Poem, for 1845.—Literary Intelligence: besides Reviews of a variety of Classical, Biblical, and Oriental Works.

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Olla Podrida, No. VII.

On the 1st of July was published, price 12s.

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